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In Memoriam.

Frederick R. Gallaher.

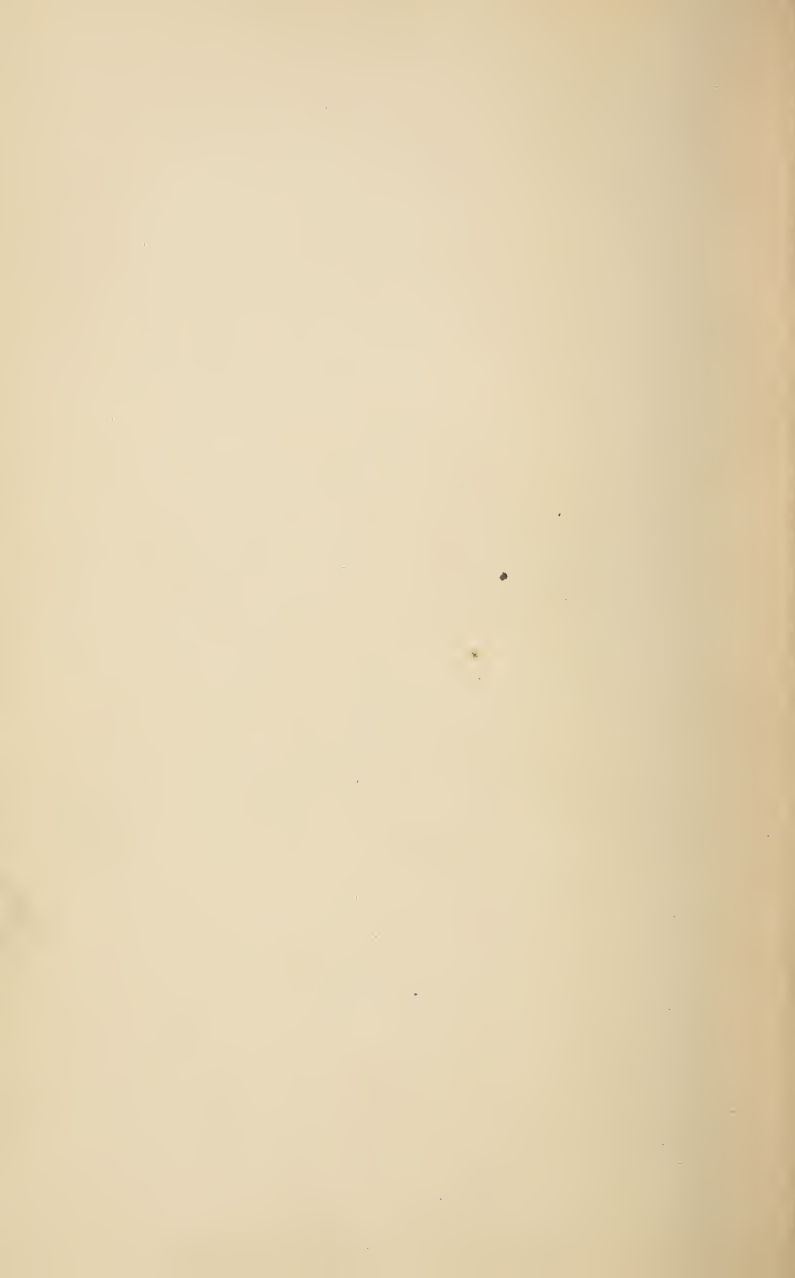




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In Memoriam.

REV. FREDERICK R. ^{OS}GALLAHER, D.D.

SKETCH OF HIS LIFE,

WITH

Funeral Services and Memorial Sermon,

By Rev. ^{Samuel Ellis}S. E. WISHARD,

Of East Saginaw, Michigan.

ALSO,

TWO SELECTED SERMONS,

FROM MR. GALLAHER'S MANUSCRIPTS.

HARTFORD:

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To the Memory

OF THE

True Man, the Devoted Friend, the Faithful and Loving Christian Brother,

Our Pastor,

THE

Rev. Frederick R. Gallaher, D. D.

This Volume

Is affectionately inscribed by his Church and Congregation.

In Memoriam.

F. R. GALLAHER.

INTRODUCTION.

THE object for which this volume has been prepared will probably be perceived at once by those into whose hands it may fall.

It is simply designed to honor the memory, and perpetuate, in some sort, the usefulness of a beloved classmate, brother, and pastor, who has early gone to his rest. Few pastors are loved as Mr. Gallaher has been, *and is*; few have received more sincere honor in death, and few have been so deeply lamented after death. Hence at the close of the second service, on the day on which the memorial sermon was preached, a few gentlemen, members of Mr. Gallaher's church and congregation, remained to consider the question of gratifying the general desire of possessing a suitable memento of their pastor. After mutual consultation it was resolved that a *memorial volume* be prepared. A committee was appointed to make the necessary arrangements for accomplishing the proposed work. Mr. H. L. Hall, chairman of that committee, called a meeting of gentlemen next morning, at which I was requested to prepare and gather such material as could be secured for a volume of this kind.

The work has been undertaken in the midst of abounding pastoral duties, and has been carried forward as a delightful work of love. It now goes into the hands of those who will appreciate the subject, whatever may be thought of the method and style of its treatment, in so narrow limits.

EAST SAGINAW, Mich., 1870.

S. E. WISHARD.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
I. INTRODUCTION, - - - -	8
II. SKETCH OF MR. GALLAHER'S LIFE, -	9
1. Childhood and Youth, - - -	9
2. The Student and Layman, - -	11
3. The Beloved Physician, - - -	16
4. In the Theological Seminary, - -	20
5. In the Ministry, - - - -	24
6. The Pitcher broken at the Fountain, -	32
7. A Tribute, - - - -	39
III. PROCLAMATION BY MAYOR UNDERWOOD,	40
IV. FUNERAL SERVICES, - - - -	40
1. Address by Rev. S. E. Wishard, - -	43
2. Remarks by Prof. Dunn, - - -	50
3. The Burial, - - - -	55
V. MEMORIAL MEETING, - - - -	57
1. Remarks by Rev. Messrs. Porter & Schofield,	60
2. " " Prof. H. E. Whipple, -	60
3. " " Elder John Chandler, -	63
4. " " Rev. J. A. Ranney, - -	65
5. " " " Mr. Barnes, -	68
6. " " " S. E. Wishard, -	71
7. " " Mr. Botsford, Superintendent of Sabbath School, - - - -	72
VI. MEMORIAL SERMON, - - - -	77
VII. TWO SERMONS TO HIS PEOPLE, (selected from Mr. Gallaher's manuscripts,) -	97
1. Glorifying in the Cross of Christ, - -	99
2. The Captain of our Salvation, -	114

IN MEMORIAM.

CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH.

REV. F. R. GALLAHER, D. D., was the son of Rev. James Gallaher and Mrs. Lucinda (Houston) Gallaher. His father was of Scotch-Irish extraction, whose early education was chiefly in the Word of God. This developed in him a great wealth of thought, imagination, and emotion. He was a man of abundant vital force, greatly in earnest in the ministry, deeply versed in Scripture knowledge. Hence Dr. Ross of Huntsville, Alabama, has justly said of him: "Take him all in all, he was one of the most instructive and impressive preachers the West has ever produced."

The mother, Mrs. Lucinda Gallaher, was a cousin of General Samuel Houston of Texas. She was a devoted Christian wife and mother, impressing herself deeply and favorably upon her family, and the wide circle of friends with which she was connected.

The subject of this sketch used frequently to speak of his mother with tenderness and affec-

tion, tracing the silent but powerful influence of her life in molding the character of her children.

The father was born in what is now Washington county, Tennessee, Oct. 8, 1792.* His first settlement in the ministry was about the beginning of the year 1816, at Rogersville, Tennessee. Eleven years afterwards Frederick Ross Gallaher was born at this place, March 27, 1827. He was three years old when the family moved to Cincinnati, his father taking charge of the Third Presbyterian church of the city.

At the age of eight years he went with the family to Marion county, Missouri, where his father was connected with the Theological Department of Marion College. During these early years his father was frequently away from home, engaged in evangelistic labors. At such times his mother carefully taught him in those principles which laid the foundation of his after usefulness.

Two years after the family had gone to their new home in Missouri, Dr. Nelson and Fred's father held a camp meeting in Marion county. These two men had been associated in evangelistic labors in East Tennessee; throughout Kentucky and in the West, God had given them great success. They were happily adapted to each oth-

*Annals of American Pulpit, Vol. IV., page 533.

er in their manner of preaching and methods of labor. After labors abundant in the West they reached Mr. Gallaher's home, and arranged for the camp meeting already mentioned. Among other delightful results of this meeting was the blessing which came to several members of Mr. Gallaher's family. Fred, (as he was always familiarly called,) though a child of but ten years, was led to consecrate himself to Him who blessed the little children and said, suffer them to come unto me and forbid them not.

This event fixed the principles which he had been gradually receiving, and gave them a controlling influence in his future life. From that early period his life was marked by rigid adherence to principle, and that strict integrity which made him in riper years, a true friend and faithful minister.

THE STUDENT AND LAYMAN.

With so much maturity of character, and an ardent devotion to study, Fred's parents thought it wise to give him a collegiate course, and safe to allow him to enter upon his studies at an early age.

He could not have been more than thirteen or fourteen years of age, when he entered St. Charles College, located at St. Charles, Missouri. Here he evinced the same firmness of purpose,

in what he thought to be right, that had characterized him in the home circle. His standard of scholarship was good, especially in the department of mathematics. He delighted very much in the more difficult branches of the higher mathematics. It was in this department of study that the logical cast of his mind had full scope, and he was trained for his pulpit work. Having completed his course he graduated (Aug. 10th, 1844) in his eighteenth year.

While his piety had not yet assumed that high spiritual type which characterized him later in life, yet it was controlling, and kept him true to his profession. An evil which he could not remove, or in some way remedy, he would not consent to be responsible for. He did not, at that early age, hesitate to put himself in the right position before his young companions. Being invited to a social party at the age of sixteen or seventeen, during the progress of the evening dancing was introduced. Instead of engaging in the dance, or even giving it his approbation by remaining and looking on, as some older professors of religion did, he took his hat and excused himself for the evening.

At this early age his mind was directed to the ministry as his life work. But entertaining a very exalted view of what a minister ought to be, both intellectually and morally, and having

before him such models as his father and Dr Nelson, he hesitated. His natural timidity and depreciation of himself did not urge him forward in what seemed to him the greatest work to which any man could aspire. His brother-in-law, Dr. Furgeson, was a very successful physician, and a man in whom young Gallaher had the fullest confidence. Distrusting himself so utterly, and being very warmly attached to his sister and her husband, the doctor, he became a pupil of Dr. Furgeson, with whom he commenced studying medicine in the summer of 1846. He prosecuted his studies, attending two courses of lectures at the Medical College at Jacksonville, Illinois, where he graduated in the spring of 1848, at the age of twenty-one.

After completing his medical studies he returned to St. Charles, Missouri, which had been his home since his father's removal to that place in 1839. Here he entered upon the practice of medicine, and took his place as a layman in the church. Rev. Timothy Hill was at that time the pastor of the (N. S.) Presbyterian church at St. Charles, and seems to have been just the man to appreciate Mr. Gallaher, call him more actively into Christian work, and drop deeply into his heart words that afterwards had a large influence in turning him to the work of preaching Christ.

The pastor of that church says, "When I went there Dr. Gallaher was absent, studying medicine ; but after his graduation he returned home, and began his practice there among the friends and acquaintances of his youth. The situation of that church at the time referred to was one of unusual trial ; a weak Home Missionary church, was struggling to build a house for worship—surrounded with obstacles quite uncommon, and an organized opposition of an unrelenting character.

A church in that condition is likely to test the fortitude of its members and call out the real character of each one. Although Dr. Gallaher had not been a leader in religious things there were some traits which fitted him for leadership, and soon put him into a prominent position.

Duty—*what ought* to be done—always occupied a prominent place with him. He was conscientiously faithful, and consequently earnest. The prayer-meeting of that little church was held in private houses, and few were present, but among them was an aged Elder whose earnest voice of prayer still lingers in my ear, and the young Dr. Gallaher. He seldom said much, but was ready to pray, and conducted the singing with good taste and success.

After a time there was a prospect of a new, pleasant home for the struggling, determined

church. The Dr. began preparation for a choir of singers to occupy it. He invited a small company of young people to meet with him for the practice of music. Of this company he was the natural leader, both from his taste in music and the circumstances which surrounded him. There was no election of a leader—why should there be? He was in his natural place. That little group gradually grew into a well trained choir and embraced a large number of the most interesting young people of the town. The first revival that occurred in that church, a time long to be remembered, gathered the larger part of that choir into the church. Many of these people were drawn to that church, at first, by the singing.

I never think of that interesting group of young people without thinking how much can be done to build up a church by one earnest Christian singer, to aid the pastor in gathering a congregation, and in rendering the house of God attractive to the careless and indifferent.

But while Dr. Gallaher was influential as a leader of sacred song, there was another trait of character which gave him influence over others, and endeared him to his pastor in a special manner; it was fidelity in whatever he undertook. One could depend upon him and not be disappointed. He had no special skill as a projector

of new things, but if he undertook a matter it was sure to be done, well done, and in season ; *his words were a prophecy of a coming fact.*"

Such did Dr. Gallaher prove himself to be as a layman—modest, but true, reliable and doing everything to which duty called.

THE BELOVED PHYSICIAN.

From St. Charles Dr. Gallaher went to St. Louis in 1849. He immediately took a prominent position in his profession, and during the prevalence of the cholera the following year, one of the large cholera hospitals was assigned to his care. He accepted this new responsibility with his usual modesty, and met the demands of his position with his usual promptness and success. His large sympathy, the inspiration of his genial nature, and his untiring fidelity were fine qualities to bring to his work in that trying time.

In the midst of the ceaseless labor and the anxiety connected with his hospital work, his relations to the cause of Christ were not forgotten. He associated himself with the church under the pastoral care of Rev. J. B. Townsend, to whom he soon endeared himself, as a faithful lay worker, and as the "beloved physician." His short stay in St. Louis secured for him many warm and devoted friends.

It was about this time that the tide of emigration set in strongly towards the Pacific. A company of young men from St. Charles and vicinity were preparing for a westward move. Dr. Gallaher had been too busily occupied in his profession to be attracted by a trip so adventurous. But his brother, to whom he was very devotedly attached, on account of failing health decided to take an airing across the plains, and joined the company already organizing. This decision arrested the attention of the Dr. at St. Louis. He determined to accompany his brother. Accordingly, everything in readiness, they started with ox teams, on the 20th of April, 1850. A trip across the plains at that time in ox wagons was quite in contrast with a journey to California to-day in palace cars. Four months tramping, toiling, thirsting and fasting, privation and danger brought them to the desired haven. They reached Sacramento, September 28th.

Very little is known, beyond that circle of young men, of the three years which Dr. Gallaher spent in California. However it seems to have been a part of the education which Providence designed to give him preparatory to his work in the pulpit. Those three years brought him in contact with men who were outside of the restraints of law and of society. Here he

met human nature in all its phases. The lawlessness of greed, in those mining regions at that time, was near of kin to that which reveals itself on Wall Street to-day. Many young men left their homes in the East only to be stranded on the sands, or to be dashed to pieces on the rocks of California life. Some church members did no more than illustrate the fact that there is a profession which will not bear transplanting, even to so mild a climate as California.

In the solicitude that was felt for the young men who had gone from St. Charles, Rev. Mr. Townsend said, "Well, if I should ever hear from California that Dr. Gallaher had proved recreant to his religion I should despair of any one. I never knew one in whom I had greater confidence."

This confidence was not misplaced. In May 1853 he returned, more deeply impressed with the conviction that he ought to preach the gospel than when he went. In a conversation with his pastor, Rev. T. Hill, after his return, he said, "Do you remember the last thing you said to me when you left my office in St. Louis before I went to California? We had been talking about my duty to preach which you earnestly urged upon me. As you left the room, turning to bid me good morning, you did it by saying, 'Fred, you have got to preach, and you will need

to be prepared for it—and you had better be getting ready.’ As I was crossing the plains, and in California, I have often thought, ‘you have got to preach, and you had better be getting ready.’”

This timely word of his pastor had followed him in all his journey. And now on his return the impression was deepened. The Master was now distinctly calling, and with all his sense of unfitness, the voice of love must be heard. He could have returned to the practice of medicine again, but for the deep conviction that duty pointed him towards the ministry. True to himself, and to Him who called him, when duty was made plain he conferred not with flesh and blood, but set his face to do the Master’s bidding.

He made his arrangements to enter Lane Theological Seminary at the opening of the year in September, 1853. But his father, who had been holding a series of meetings in Brunswick, Missouri, was attacked with dysentery. After an illness of five weeks he passed to his reward on the 19th of October.

The son remained with his father until his death, and receiving the falling mantle of that godly man, turned his steps toward the Seminary. Says a very intimate brother, respecting

the decision which took him out of one profession into another.

“‘The beloved physician’ left the fairest professional prospects to enter the ministry, and neither himself nor the church of God had reason to question the propriety of the change. The conscientious, earnest, consistent layman became the successful, beloved, earnest pastor.”

IN THE SEMINARY.

The members of Lane Theological Seminary in the autumn of 1853, all have a distinct recollection of our brother Gallaher at that time.

He came to us after the beginning of the term, (for the reasons already mentioned,) and under the shadow of a great affliction. His mother had passed to her reward in November, 1850, while he was in California. His father had just ceased from his earthly toil. And the son, with all the affection of a child, felt this double bereavement. He stood before his life work without father or mother, *an orphan*. Only those who knew his devotion to his parents, could understand the weight of sorrow upon him when he came to the Seminary. He felt the embarrassment also of having been several years out of his study, while his classmates were fresh from college. He threw himself at once, however, into Seminary life and labor. The studies

were of a character to deeply enlist his heart as well as mind. Here his social gifts had full play. He found himself in contact with those who could appreciate the fine qualities of his nature. And yet he never suspected himself of possessing any gifts that should attract others.

His good nature and merry wit were almost limitless. And he doubtless came honestly by his possession. Except his father, no one could tell a story better than he. And like President Lincoln, the blunders and ridiculous sayings and doings of others never failed to "remind him of a story."

It was in those strolls through the Seminary grounds, and those perfectly informal conversations which spring up among students, after a day's study, in that *expansive* hour when student brain and muscle clamor for a change of occupation, that Gallaher's resources were adequate to the social demands of the whole company. His three years experience in California never failed to honor every draft for quaint humor which the company made upon him.

Yet his wit was never low, his illustrations never unchaste, his hits never hurtful. His laugh, like his cry, was deep, honest, generous and in earnest, making himself and everybody else better. He had very little interest in what is known to be a necessary evil (?) of Seminary

life, that is, those periodical effusions of a considerable modicum of barely tolerable oratory. And while the rest of us made some attempt to rise to the *height of the occasion*, he utterly declined to become great in that direction.

His public orations in the Seminary were well written ; and shall I not say well delivered ? They were certainly delivered with great truthfulness and simplicity. He would rehearse his matter almost without a gesture or change of position and find the way to his seat as rapidly as propriety would permit.

It was not because he did not enjoy the labor of preparing material, nor realize the importance of as much preparatory drill as could be secured. But in the deep honesty of his nature he could not endure that word "*exhibition.*" That tells the story. He could not bring himself to the point of *exhibiting*. His after work in the ministry showed the genuineness of this feeling. He never exhibited, never stilted in the pulpit.

During his stay in the Seminary Gallaher's spiritual life received a new development. His studies, the near approach of the time when he must actually stand before the people with the message of life, and those daily christian activities to which the young men in the Seminary are called, were rapidly manifesting their influence upon his spiritual growth. His candor with

all questions of duty, and in the doing of those things which were decided to be duty, made it very certain to all who knew him, that with him christian life must result in christian progress.

Mr. Finney's visit to Cincinnati, on the invitation of the pastors of the city, became also the occasion of almost a new religious life to Mr. Gallaher. For three months Mr. Finney preached the gospel day and night in some one of the churches. The members of the Seminary, both faculty and students, entered into the spirit of the effort.

Mr. Finney's style of preaching, so clear, so simple, so discriminating, pungent, and powerful, gave a new impulse to the religious life of the young men in the Seminary.

Mr. Gallaher was just the man to be deeply moved and greatly benefitted. He received the truth in love, and consecrated himself anew to his chosen work. And during the remaining portion of his course in the Seminary, his life was enlarged and enlarging.

Few men drew their friends so closely to them, so affectionately near. The members of his class in the Seminary understand this. Said one of them, (Reid of Anderson, Ind.,) in a private letter to Mrs G., "Your husband, now entered upon his higher life, was a man

whom I loved—nay, whom I *love*, very strongly, and whom I trusted in. * * * He has gone to increase the number of dear friends gone before—not many such remain behind.”

Soon after the close of the second year in the Seminary, Mr. Gallaher was licensed by the Presbytery of Cincinnati to preach the gospel, and was married [June 26th, 1855] to Miss Margaret Fingland, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Fingland. After visiting friends in the West, during the vacation, he returned to the Seminary for the third year of theological study. Making his home some distance from the Seminary, he was less intimately associated with the students than in the preceding years of study.

But he retained the strong hold which he had already gained upon the faculty and students. The christian intimacies of those years of study grew into delightful bonds of fellowship which the coming years of separation could not impair, and which death itself has only suspended for a brief interval.

IN THE MINISTRY.

Leaving the Seminary a few weeks before the close of the term in 1856, Mr. Gallaher returned to Missouri, and “took charge of the church at St. Charles, of which he had been a member—thus a second time beginning a professional career

among his early friends and acquaintances." He remained at this place, pleasantly renewing old friendships and forming new ones, until the following spring. It was in the autumn of 1856, while serving this church, that he was ordained to the gospel ministry. In May, 1857, the Presbyterian church at St. Joseph, Missouri, invited him to become their pastor. He immediately entered upon his labors connected with that church. The unsettled condition of the country at that time, and especially that part of the country bordering on Kansas, rendered the work of a pastor very difficult. Yet Mr. Gallaher earnestly prosecuted his labors. He remained a little over two years with this people, enjoying greatly the privilege of preaching the Gospel of Christ. His labors were attended with success, the Master putting His seal to his work in the blessing of a revival of religion. Though this was not very extensive, it came as a foretaste and pledge of what he was to enjoy in larger measure in other fields. In September, 1859, he returned again to St. Charles, and taught seven months in his Alma Mater, in the meantime preaching almost every Sabbath, supplying vacant pulpits. In the fall of 1860, he accepted an invitation to supply the New School Presbyterian Church in Newport, Kentucky. The arrangement for labor here was only tempo-

rary, and closed in a few months. The beginning of the war at this time, rendered pastoral work in the border state of Kentucky very difficult. The church was closed, many of the members removing to Cincinnati for safety. Gallaher had become somewhat disheartened by these frequent interruptions, but He who had called him into the ministry, was teaching him more perfectly the way of faith.

Acting upon the advice of a few friends in Cincinnati, he determined to visit the State of Michigan. He reached Adrian near the close of a week, in the latter part of May, called upon Mr. Eddy, one of the Elders of the church at this place, and was invited to preach on the following Sabbath. The morning came, he made his appearance in the pulpit, went through with the introductory service in his usual deliberate manner—then came the text, followed by a clear kindling flame, the heat rising to a steady glow, intensifying and melting. The people were deeply interested in his preaching, and that day's work linked, by various combinations, brother Gallaher's life work with our State and Synod. The church at Hillsdale being unsupplied, invited him to visit them. The result of this mutual acquaintance was, that on the third of July, 1861, Mr. Gallaher with his family arrived at Hillsdale, and commenced there a work which

was to terminate only with his life. It was in the church and congregation at Hillsdale, that Gallaher found scope for his large heart, his excellent mental powers, and his generous social nature. Here he had time and motive to elaborate his material. He settled earnestly to his work.

It is thought that small trees and shrubs are the better for transplanting, but the valuable oaks must have time for deep rooting. The Hillsdale pastor was of the latter kind; frequent transplanting had been painful. The rooting process brought abundant life to him and his people.

His mind moved rapidly and with strength, his thoughts taking the logical rather than the imaginative cast. His memory was retentive, and could be relied upon in his labor. He was a fine student of men, and dealt with their consciences much more than their fancies. One who is competent to speak, has said of him—
 “As a preacher he was clear, methodical, and deeply in earnest; a sort of pathos peculiar to himself, marked all his words and gave them power. I have not heard him for several years, and know not his later style, but I would describe him as a man of strong mental powers; but above all things characterized by a calm

earnestness, a kind of fire that had no smoke, but glowed with a steady white heat that warmed and subdued everything that came into contact with it."

His preaching was therefore effective in awakening careless minds, and in furnishing food for the living ones of his church. Three special revivals of religion were given to him during his labor in this church. Scarcely a communion passed without some of the members of his Sabbath School or of the congregation being brought into the fold.

Some one has said "that man's preaching is best, the largest proportion of whose sermons would be appropriate to use in the midst of a revival." Taking this standard, Gallaher would scarcely be surpassed as a preacher.

Yet it would be difficult to say which were the better, his preaching or his shepherding. As a pastor, he wielded a powerful influence. His life among the people was of the utmost importance to his work. All men respected and honored him, and most men loved him. His tact and firmness, in dealing with those difficult characters and questions which are found in every congregation, gave him unusual control over men.

To the sick room he always brought a healing balm, for the soul at least. His experience

as a physician, his tender sympathy, and the discipline of sorrow combined to qualify him to bring the best of consolation to the bedside of the suffering. He could tread the chamber where nerves were in insurrection, and the beating brain was throbbing against the fevered temples. He could talk, or sing, or pray, where other voices could not be tolerated. One who has been an invalid for years, and for months confined to the bed, says, "how many, *many* hours of mental and physical suffering have been made more endurable by his ministering kindness and sympathy. Unless something of importance detained him, no week passed without seeing him at my bedside." And when it was intimated to him that he was overtaxing himself, he answered, "You do wrong to say or think it. I am always glad to come and cheer you all in my power." "And," adds this suffering one, "I learned to look upon those calls and his kindness as an almost recompense for all the pain and weariness attendant upon my illness." The same pen writes, "He had a heart full of the tenderest sympathy and compassion for every form of suffering. No one knew so well how to comfort and counsel, no one so gentle in reproof as he."

Mr. Gallaher constantly exercised a very strong and salutary influence over the young. Few pastors were so much at home in young

people's meetings, or drew young converts into labor and holy living, with such success. Hence the revivals enjoyed under his ministry gathered many from the youth of his congregation.

The type of his piety was of the cheerful, attractive kind, but none the less deep and fervent. Rev. C. G. Finney of Oberlin, with whom Mr. Gallaher spent a few days, two or three years before his death, has given a very correct picture of the piety which characterized the Hillsdale pastor. Mr Finney says :

“I was greatly interested in the spirit and bearing of the man while at our house. We have entertained a great many ministers of Christ with much pleasure and profit, but I do not recollect the visit of any one of them with more interest than that of brother Gallaher. His tender, earnest spirit struck me with much force. There was an earnest faith and love, and solemnity about him that made his presence in our family savory in a high degree. We could gladly have entertained him for any length of time, and could have well afforded it, because of the savor of Christ that was about him. I have seldom seen more of the Master in any christian minister with whom I have been acquainted. I was particularly struck with the earnestly inquiring attitude of his mind in regard to the higher forms of Christian experience, and with

his manifest candor and discrimination in studying the subject. I had known him slightly, as you know, when he was a student at Lane Seminary. I there became interested in him. But when I saw him under our roof, and had leisure to converse fully with him, I learned to love him dearly, and to regard him as one of the most devout ministers of Christ that I ever knew. His call from earth to heaven was no doubt wise, and to him it must have been glorious: but his departure from his people and his family, and the closing of his earthly labors, are deeply affecting to them, and to all who knew him. His church may secure a pastor of as much intellectual capacity as he had, but I fear it will not be easy to find one of so spiritual, earnest, and tender a soul as he possessed. May God bless them, and send them a man after his own heart to supply the place of the beloved servant whom He has called to a higher sphere of usefulness and employment."

Such was Mr. Gallaher among his people for eight years, ministering to them of the fatness of the gospel of Christ, and giving himself to them in the daily consecration of a beautiful and devoted life. At the same time he was known among his people in a different relation, in that which God had given him in his own family, as husband and father. As such he was careful,

loving, cheerful, tender, true. It was always "light in his dwelling."

THE PITCHER BROKEN AT THE FOUNTAIN.

The weary pastor had toiled well. He had preached since entering the ministry, twelve hundred and seven sermons. He had received into the church at Hillsdale, one hundred and eighty-seven members. He had engaged in the work of the Christian Commission during the war, had sympathized with the suffering and dying, had carried the sorrows of a confiding people in all their family afflictions, had done all with his might—nothing by halves. Disease had laid its hand upon him. He panted for rest, yet could not cease from his work. The strong man found himself looking for repose. His step began to falter. Struggling with disease he yet pressed on to the work of his life, as if in haste to have it completed. He sought a temporary relief in an attendance on the meeting of the General Assembly in New York, May, 1869, but found it not. He returned home and preached once more to his people.

And as the Sabbath came again he prepared to preach from 1 John iii. 1, 2. "*Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God:*

therefore the world knoweth us not, because it knew him not. Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be : but we know that when He shall appear we shall be like Him ; for we shall see Him as He is." The sermon was prepared in brief, as most

of his sermons had been since the failure of his health. He expected to stand before his people again, but as the bell was calling them to the house of worship, the Messenger touched again the silver cord that was soon to be loosed, and he came not with the people. For a few days he stood on the dividing line, looking this way and that, earthward and heavenward. "I am," said he, "like one walking on a narrow ridge, liable any moment to fall on either side, to come back to life and labor, or pass into the unseen world." His attachment to his family, and beloved christian brethren, drew him this way, while the mightier love beyond was drawing him toward the coming rest. In this point of balance between two worlds, he called a brother in his church, saying, "I have sent for you to have a free conversation on the subject of personal piety, not that I have any doubt as to the truth of our holy religion, or of my personal interest therein. I have labored long in the vineyard, my hopes buoyant or depressed, much in proportion as success or failure attended my labors, generally happy in

my work and enjoying much of the Saviour's presence and blessing. *Now* I can do nothing—hope and joy from successful labor can no longer be mine. I must lay down my armor and be sick. What now will sustain and comfort me? Certainly not the rewards of labor, for I can perform none. And as to what is past, so much of imperfection, partial success or entire failure has attached thereto, that its review becomes unsatisfactory, and often tiresome. You, dear brother, have been down by the river's brink. I may be fast tending thither; tell me then, how you felt, and how I can obtain joy and peace with such a possibility, yea *probability* before me." Mr. R—— hesitated to attempt to teach one so learned in all the technicalities and mysteries of theological lore, seeing which, his pastor said, "All these things in which I have revelled and delighted are as nothing now; what I want is the marrow of the gospel in the simplest, plainest language." To this the reply was made, "Christians while laboring for Christ, grow in grace gradually, and much in proportion to their faithfulness and zeal. But a different, and perhaps *higher* degree of grace is needed to enable one to cease all labor and still be happy. Such grace is attainable." "That is my want—how shall I obtain it?" Mr. R—— said, "'He that spared not his own Son, but delivered him up

for us all, *how shall He not with Him also freely give us all things*'—this grace is *one* of the all things—*Ask* for it and you shall have it." Then followed a season of earnest, believing prayer, in which a full consecration to God was sought. At parting, the Pastor's countenance, though bathed in tears, was radiant with joy and peace—peace as a river. He seemed to have obtained the higher grace he so earnestly sought. And the scripture was fulfilled—"He that watereth shall be watered also himself."

For several days he was able to walk about his chamber. With some of his brethren he conversed freely in reference to his worldly matters, expressing frequently his recognition of the providence which had shaped every thing so well for his family; that his business needed no further attention from him. His peaceful trust in the Redeemer was growing broader and deeper, "like a river," every day. He was willing to go or stay as the Master should direct.

The progress of disease was steady, and a few days later found him upon his dying bed. He suffered extremely at times, and could only converse in broken sentences, but desired to have christians converse freely, as it could not injure him, and was a source of great comfort. To one of the elders visiting him he said, "I am not in the least depressed in spirit, but very happy."

As this brother was about kneeling for prayer, he expressed a desire "to be remembered, not any longer as your pastor, but as a poor sinner, needing especially the grace of patience, to suffer *all* the will of God—willing, anxious to go; but willing to stay, especially for the sake of my wife and children." In response to a blessing which Mr. R—— craved upon him, as he was about leaving his room, he opened his large lustrous eyes, his face glowing with joy, and murmured, "I know in whom I have believed, and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day."

Thus nearing the other shore, the blessed Master was drawing aside the veil, revealing himself and putting His arms of love closely about him. The hymns which had animated him in the midst of his work, now became the beautiful forms through which his faith and love found expression. The following note should here have place, describing the last interview of a dear brother with his pastor, on Sabbath evening, July 11th:

"After hearing a comforting sermon in the morning and enjoying a most precious communion season in the afternoon, I attempted to spend the evening with my dear Pastor, and recount to him the scenes of the day. Although I knew he would greatly enjoy the recital yet

I approached his bedside with the sad apprehension that this might be our *last interview*. And so it proved, for sickness intervened to prevent another. He was sleeping most sweetly. Retiring to the next room, I waited half an hour; and when about to leave, he heard my voice and kindly requested my return to his side. It was a precious interview which no words can describe. He said his friends thought him better, perhaps he was—was willing to be better, or worse, to live and again preach the gospel, or to die now, which was far better for him. He believed his work was done, and that if spared to perform more, he could not repair past imperfections—would rather go now, as he was ready. Seeing him again laboring for breath, I bade him adieu; and thus ended on earth our sweet and precious intercourse, soon I trust to be renewed in heaven. Dear Brother, thou hast gone to the better land of which we so often sang. I loved thee as I loved no other man—and I mourn thee as I never mourned before. Jesus alone can heal the wound.

AN ELDER."

The dying Pastor had entered upon his last week on earth. And as the pangs of mortal strife were loosening his hold upon this life, his soul was feasting on the precious things of re-

deeming love. His conversations were brief, and interrupted by weakness and pain, but exceedingly edifying to all who heard him. He had entered the land of Beulah. His weary feet were treading toward the upper way. On Thursday (the 15th) the golden city seemed to rise before his vision. He said, "I am nothing but a poor lost sinner at the feet of Jesus." "Christ is *very near*, Oh, SO NEAR!"

"My faith looks up to Thee,
and

"Rock of ages cleft for me,"

he said, "are just the hymns for a dying man." Through Thursday evening, and Friday, the battle went on—the body trembling and failing, the soul mounting upward triumphing.

"Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee,"

was the murmuring petition that went up from his soul, as life was ebbing out. And at nine and a half o'clock, P. M., "he was not, for God took him."

The weary eyes were closed, the tired limbs were composed to rest, the throbbing heart was stilled. But the living, loving soul of our dear brother had mounted away to Him "who loved us and gave Himself for us," and to those activities which are the heritage of the redeemed.

Thou art "not dead. but sleeping—"

Oh, patient heart and true,
In God's own safest keeping,
Thine agony is through.

Through every mist of sorrow,
Oh, tender, loving eyes—
They opened to the splendor
Of Eternity's surprise.

Dear lips of truth and blessing,
On earth tho' mute for aye,
In heaven shall sing glad praises
Throughout an endless day.

Oh, feet that never faltered!
Though thorny was the road,
Their journey's done, and they have reached
The city of our God.

Our hearts go with thee, absent one,
Yet it were wrong to weep,
For well we know that "so He gives
To His beloved sleep."

A sleep, O suffering heart and tried,
Not *one* need ever fear,
He touched thine eyelids and they closed,
Thou wast to Him so dear.

Oh friend of mine! forever free
From earthly pain and fears,
What tribute *can* I pay to thee?
I have *no might* with tears.

CHICAGO, July, 1869.

*Written by one to whom, in hours of suffering, Mr. Gallaher had often brought the balm of comfort, during his pastoral at Hillsdale.

On the day of Mr. Gallaher's funeral the following proclamation was issued by the mayor of the city:

CITY OF HILLSDALE.

In the death of REV. DR. GALLAHER every citizen has lost a friend, the community the example of a model Christian gentleman.

In attestation of our respect, and that all may have opportunity to attend his funeral it is requested that all places of business be closed from 3 o'clock to 6 this P. M.

GEO. W. UNDERWOOD,

July 19, 1869.

Mayor.

THE FUNERAL SERVICES.

At the hour appointed for the funeral, 2.30 P. M., a very large assembly of the people came together at the residence of Mrs. Gallaher, filling the house and a large part of the spacious lawn in front of the house. The character of this congregation was a touching tribute to the life of him whose death the people mourned. It was composed of the members of the Presbytery of Coldwater, the pastors and members of the churches in the city, and of several of the

churches in the country adjacent, members of the college faculty, citizens, including all classes of business men, sunday school scholars and teachers, and the poor and afflicted who had lost a friend and brother in the death of their pastor. As the lame and almost helpless ones came halting, and bowed with grief, to bring this their last tribute of love and affection to him who in life had been their friend and adviser, many realized anew the value of the life which had just closed.

The choir sang the hymn—

Nearer, my God, to Thee,
 Nearer to Thee :
 E'en though it be a cross
 That raiseth me,
 Still all my song shall be,
 Nearer, my God, to Thee,
 Nearer to Thee.

Though like a wanderer,
 Daylight all gone,
 Darkness be over me,
 My rest a stone,
 Yet in my dreams I'd be
 Nearer, my God, to Thee,
 Nearer to Thee.

There let the way appear,
 Steps up to heaven ;
 All that Thou sendest me,
 In mercy given,

Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

Then with my waking thoughts,
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs,
Bethel I'll raise ;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

Or, if on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

After the singing of the hymn, I read II Tim. iv : 6, 7, 8, offered prayer, then read the funeral chant, which had often been sung by the departed, while in the midst of the battle of life.

Brother, thou art gone before us,
And thy saintly soul is flown,
Where tears are wiped from every eye,
And sorrow is unknown ;
From the burden of the flesh,
And from care and sin released,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

The toilsome way thou'st traveled o'er,
 And borne the heavy load,
 But Christ hath taught thy languid feet
 To reach his blest abode ;
 Thou'rt sleeping now like Lazarus
 Upon his Father's breast,
 Where the wicked cease from troubling
 And the weary are at rest.

Sin can never taint thee now,
 Nor doubt thy faith assail,
 Nor thy meek trust in Jesus Christ
 And the Holy Spirit fail ;
 And there thou'rt sure to meet the good
 Whom on earth thou loved'st best
 Where the wicked cease from troubling
 And the weary are at rest.

The chant was sung, after which I read the passage of scripture contained in the Gospel by Matthew, xi. 28, 29, 30 : *"Come unto me all ye that labor, and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me, for I am meek and lowly in heart; and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For my yoke is easy and my burden is light."*

FUNERAL ADDRESS.

This large congregation of bereaved and sorrowing souls will appreciate the difficulty with which I attempt to speak to them, if I am permitted to state a fact or two. This moment brings to me, with yourselves, a very great sorrow. I stand here by the silent form of your

pastor, who was my dearest earthly friend and nearest christian brother. Almost sixteen years ago we met for the first time in the theological seminary. Together we entered upon those studies which were to furnish the preparation for our life work ; together we looked into the future with a kindred enthusiasm, planning and hoping for success in the ministry. There we formed attachments which can better be appreciated by these pastors upon whom God has laid the work of the ministry. Eight years ago this month we came into this state, after a separation of a few years. Here we have been united in the work of the Master. When the Spirit of God rested on my congregation, your pastor came to me, to help gather the harvest, and I have been permitted to be with him, and at other times to hear from him of the success which God was giving him in his work. By every spiritual tie he was very dear to me. "Very pleasant hast thou been unto me." And if as strong a man as David could not restrain his tears at the grave of Abner, you will bear with me if I am weak in your presence to-day.

I have read these beautiful words of our sympathizing Lord, because they are just what we all need at this hour. Jesus says "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden." To-day we are burdened with a deep and tender

grief. It weighs upon our hearts until we are "*heavy-laden*." To Jesus we come. His voice calls us to Himself for help to pass through this trial. And how? "Take my yoke upon you and learn of me."

This direction of the Saviour contains a thought which I am only beginning to understand. It is this, *the yoke of Christ is the great instrument of moral education*. Why is it that so many souls have only a name to live, and not the power of a new life? Because they do not cheerfully and sweetly put their necks under the yoke. Hence they are not educated in spiritual things—can never learn of Christ. For he says—"take my yoke and learn of me." Many are trying to put off Christ's yoke, and yet learn of Him. It can not be done. We shall live and die in ignorance of the precious wisdom which He can impart, unless we cheerfully take His yoke. It is in the path of patient submissive toil, wearing the yoke, that we learn.

This hour we need to learn obedience. From none can we learn it so well as from our Master. He *obeyed* the Father, going straight to duty, turning neither to the right hand nor the left; so that at the end of His work He could say, "It is *finished*." He had done all that had been assigned Him, had thoroughly completed it, it was *finished*. Christ's obedience was true,

full, unwavering, persistent, until it cost Him His life. "He became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross." This lesson of entire obedience we need to understand better as christian men. In all the churches of Christ we need men who will obey God at all costs, who will make sacrifices for the command. Our weakness as christians is in this, that we quail and falter when the path of duty leads through dangers. Men who wear the name of soldiers do not stand up squarely on the field of battle. Our captain stood firm, and says, "*learn of me.*" This much had our brother learned. He followed God where duty led, was true and obedient unto death. When God called him to speak all the words of this life, he counseled only with God. He never asked you what he might preach, what would be popular, or unpopular. He obeyed God, following the convictions which the Holy Spirit gave him.

... Taking the yoke of Christ we are to *learn from him the lesson of entire consecration.* The great want of the churches to-day is a full and unreserved consecration, a consecration to Christ that is exhaustive. This semi-religious life is near of kin to utter death, this partial interest is next to no interest. The cause of God demands to-day *consecrated* men, men who are consumed with the passion of love to Him who

first loved us. And in this Christ Jesus is our glorious pattern, and may well say, "*learn of me.*" He was consecrated to the work of redemption; the anointed one. All His life, every word of love and pity which He spake ran into the mighty current that brought Him from above, and was bearing Him to the cross. The one thought, "the joy that was set before Him," never dimmed before His vision. He lived to save men, He taught to save men, He journeyed, He ate, He slept, He waked, watched, prayed, and died *for one object*. He was consecrated to it, and every drop of His life blood was drained out in the accomplishment of that end. This was consecration, beautiful, grand, all-consuming; and, as it passes before our vision to-day we hear Him saying, "*learn of me.*" This lesson learned by those of us who bear His name, and instantly the power of His people is immeasurably enhanced. And how the importance of this consecration stands out before us, as we witness the rapid termination of life's work. We are hastening swiftly to the point when our work must cease. For our brother it has ceased; and presently the same will be true of each of us.

Taking the yoke of Christ we are also to *learn how to love souls*. Jesus loved souls. He loved not in word but in deed, in *mighty deed*. His

love was not a profession but an action, not a theory but a wondrous fact, a fact controlling Him in all He said and did. The passion that made Him mighty, and willing to save, was love. Hence He could not tire in His work, He could not be diverted from it. There was not wealth enough in the universe to buy Him off from saving souls. There was no position that could win Him from it, nor was there any personal want or suffering that could turn Him aside. It was He “who loved me, and *gave Himself* for me,” as the evidence of His love. And so coming down, and lifting us up to the bosom of His love, He says,—“learn of me.” Learn to love the souls of men, not their honors, or flatteries, not their good opinions, not their favors, but their souls, “not yours, but *you*.” And this is the passion that must seize upon us who tell the story of salvation, and upon you who hear this story. O, if we but understood how much these souls are worth for whom Jesus died, how much they are worth to Him, to us, to all the redeemed, what a loss their loss would be, and what a gain their gain would be, our hearts would break with love for them as we see them going down to death. Our feet would be swift to carry them the tidings of life. Our mouths would be full of prevailing arguments. Our brother, who has left us, had caught some of

that passion. It moved him to earnest and careful work, and often turned his words into tears of solicitude in your behalf.

Still another lesson—Christ would teach us to-day *how to endure trial*. This world is full of disappointment, perplexity, sorrow, and suffering. The morning of life soon passes into the darkness of night—the wail of sorrow mingles with the song of joy. Disease, suffering, and death lay their hands upon our cherished ones, and we are left in tears. Into almost every family bereavement has entered. Into this family, this church, this city, a great sorrow has come. Every heart here feels the pang of parting with a beloved brother. And in the midst of our tears and moans we hear our Lord again saying “*learn of me*.” For “tho’ He were a son, yet learned He obedience by the things which He suffered.” He trod the winepress of divine wrath alone. He drank the cup of a lost world’s sorrow to the very dregs. All pain, all suffering, all anguish was His, so that He exclaimed—“I am exceeding sorrowful, even unto death.” For “He bore our sins in His own body on the tree.” But, O, how patiently! how meekly! with what confidence in the Father did He receive it all! He accepted the trial, and conquered through suffering. And now his example is before us. Imitating Him, let us bow

to the dispensation which has assembled us to-day. Let us receive the consolation of these gracious words, and come unto Him, all who labor and are heavy laden. This congregation and church so deeply smitten may come, these citizens who mourn the loss of a true citizen, these christian workers in the city and the sabbath school, these brethren in the ministry, this sorrowing family and these relatives, all may come unto Him. Let us take His dear yoke now, and by this instrument of education learn *how to obey, how to live consecrated lives, how to love souls, and how to endure trial*. I can only commend you to Him who is able to comfort and keep you.

Rev. R. Dunn, pastor of the college church, also professor of theology, and long associated with Mr. Gallaher in christian work in the city, being invited to occupy a few moments, said:

“This is a sad day to us all, not to him who has just been released from the cares and labors of life in which he was wearied, but it is a sad day to this family. And the richness of the blessings heretofore enjoyed in the goodness of the husband, father, and friend, for which so much gratitude may and ought to be felt, only renders the grief of the present hour more pungent. This grief and awful vacuum, now experienced, and to be experienced through al

the future of life, can only be realized by those who have passed through a similar experience. But I know this grief, can feel the anguish, and can sympathize with all these afflicted ones, and know full well that no relief can be found save in Him who, having been the God of the husband and father, is now the widow's God, and a father to the fatherless.

“It is a sad day to the church of which our brother was the pastor. Few churches are blessed with pastors of so much common sense, quiet earnestness, and fervent piety. It is not, however, for me to proceed on this theme, nor increase the despondency of the hour; but I may express the deep sympathy of other churches, and the earnest prayer that even this irreparable loss may be overruled for their good. But it is a sad day to other churches, and for all the christian and benevolent enterprises and institutions of the city, which shared so largely his love and labors. He belonged not exclusively to one church or denomination, by giving himself to God, and to the whole church by the will of God, he owned himself a debtor to all. In true catholicity he was almost a perfect pattern: most thoroughly evangelical, sound and firm in his own doctrines, truly and conscientiously denominational; and yet so general and impartial in his affections and labors, and

so perfectly identified with all Christ's people and work in the generic duties and relations of christian laborers as to make others feel that he was not only generous, but a brother and fellow laborer. All these christians and churches shared his sympathies and prayers, claim a portion of the treasures left in his life and labor, and drop the tear of sorrow over their own brother. Benevolent enterprises have lost a faithful worker; and especially in behalf of Hillsdale college, which honored itself in honoring him, may I express our grief in the loss of a sound scholar, a faithful trustee, and a true friend.

"And it is a sad day to the people at large. As a christian citizen and member of society Dr. Gallaher was highly esteemed. He had many positive traits, and yet avoiding those extremes which often accompany such traits, disfiguring the individual and marring society, he developed a symmetrical social force that commanded the respect of the people. Pleasant and cheerful without levity, earnest and solemn without melancholy, free and familiar without being obtrusive, bold and fearless without egotism, simple and plain without the least uncouthness, kind and obliging and yet never swerving from convictions of truth and right. The symmetry of his social character was wonderful,

and no marvel that everybody loved him ; and that even those who denied his doctrines and refused to practice his instructions honored his integrity. The most wicked man in town knew that Mr. Gallaher was an honest man and a friend to all. The presence and appearance of this large audience, made up from all churches, societies, and classes, is but a fair and spontaneous expression of public sympathy and public sorrow.

“But while it is a sad day to us all, it is nevertheless a day of solemn joy and of christian triumph. The people have a rich legacy left to them in the good example, faithful instructions and excellent spirit of their departed friend. The goodness of the life given to them may be made a richer blessing by the impressiveness of this hour if suitably improved. The christian public have another encouragement to their faith and hope in the glorious power of the gospel as seen in this triumphant death. The bereaved church may be thankful for the years of faithful labor they have had, and rejoice that the God who has promised that his word shall accomplish its design, will see that all these years of useful labor shall now be placed in the great current of divine goodness which is to flow on through all time for human welfare. And even the afflicted family and relations have great sources of comfort. From his life they

have inestimable riches treasured up in the store-house of memory, and although this department of the spirit temple may always be hung in dark drapery and never visited without sadness, yet exhaustless good may be drawn from its dark recesses. And then the sweet and glorious change experienced by the loved one gone! He suffered pain, but is now relieved. He said he was weary of earth and its evils, but he is now at rest. He struggled against temptation and sin, but is now forever safe and holy. As we loved him we rejoice in his happiness and glorification; and the glorious promise of eternal life now renewedly vindicated, comes to each of these mourners promising a happy reunion very soon. Even now that freed spirit floating in the light of the Father's own glory where there is no night, nor sorrow, nor sin, beckons the afflicted to faith, and hope, and heaven. With the presence of man's Saviour, the orphan's father, the widow's God, and the christian's hope, relief is possible in the darkest hour, and heaven is sure at last."

The concluding prayer was offered by Rev. J. A. Ranney, after which the hymn, which the dying pastor had delighted in, which in the parting hour had borne him up to the helping Saviour, was sung—

My faith looks up to Thee,
 Thou Lamb of Calvary,
 Saviour divine !
 Now hear me while I pray,
 Take all my guilt away,
 Oh ! let me from this day
 Be wholly Thine.

May Thy rich grace impart
 Strength to my fainting heart,
 My zeal inspire ;
 As Thou hast died for me,
 Oh ! may my love to Thee
 Pure, warm, and changeless be,
 A living fire.

While life's dark maze I tread,
 And griefs around me spread
 Be Thou my guide ;
 Bid darkness turn to day,
 Wipe sorrow's tears away,
 Nor let me ever stray
 From Thee aside.

When ends life's transient dream,
 When death's cold sullen stream
 Shall o'er me roll,
 Blest Saviour ! then, in love,
 Fear and distrust remove ;
 Oh ! bear me safe above,
 A ransomed soul.

After singing the hymn the procession was formed, which followed to the cemetery, and tenderly committed to the grave and to Him who has "hallowed every bed," the body of the

beloved Gallaher. The quiet of the city, the stillness of the sunset air, the solemn tread of the mourning procession, with the touching peals of the tolling bells, all joined in befitting testimony to the value of the life just closed. And as we turned away from that new tomb, it was with the sweet thought of "The pitcher broken at the fountain"—*the pas'tor dying on duty*. We could but say—

"Go to thy grave in all thy glorious prime!
 In full activity of zeal and power;
 A christian cannot die before his time;
 The Lord's appointment is the servant's hour.

"Go to thy grave; at noon from labor cease;
 Rest on thy sheaves, thy harvest task is done;
 Come from the heat of battle, and in peace,
 Soldier! go home; with thee the fight is won.

"Go to thy grave, which, faithful to its trust,
 The germ of immortality shall keep;
 While, safe as watched by cherubim, thy dust
 Shall to the judgment day in Jesus sleep.

"Go to the grave, for there thy Saviour lay
 In death's embraces, e'er He rose on high;
 And all the ransomed, by that narrow way,
 Pass to eternal life beyond the sky.

"Go to thy grave? no, take thy seat above!
 Be thy pure spirit present with the Lord,
 Where thou for faith and hope hast perfect love,
 And open vision for the written word."

MEMORIAL SERVICES.

MEMORIAL MEETING.

Many were present at the funeral services in the afternoon who would have given expression to their sympathy with the family of Mr. Gallaher, and with the church now bereaved, but the time was so limited that no suitable opportunity could be given for the presentation of such thoughts as the day had awakened. Hence a memorial meeting was appointed for the evening, to be held in the Presbyterian church. At the hour appointed the house was filled.

Rev. Wm. C. Porter of Coldwater, by request, took charge of the meeting.

After singing an appropriate hymn Mr. Porter read portions of Ps. cxvith, also of xxith and xxiind chapters of Revelation, and offered prayer. In a few brief remarks he alluded to the solemn and affecting circumstances under which the congregation had met. The form so familiar in that place was with them no more. The voice which had so often been heard in that house during the years past was now silent. We were there to mingle our tears with the afflicted people, and to join with them in the prayer that he who had smitten would heal. The members of Presbytery and brethren from other churches present would make such use of the hour as

the occasion and their own feelings would prompt.

After prayer had been offered again, Rev. A. Scofield, the oldest member of the Presbytery, and long a missionary in the state, very touchingly alluded to the mysterious providence which had removed Dr. Gallaher from such a post of usefulness, in the vigor of life, while he (Mr. S.) was yet left to toil a little longer. God had passed by the aged and selected this young brother, the strong man of the Presbytery. Mr. Scofield paid a deserved tribute to the many excellent and manly traits of character which had adorned the life of the deceased pastor.

Prof. H. E. Whipple of Hillsdale College said, "I feel a delicacy in rising to occupy time in this meeting, which might seem more properly to belong to those who stood nearer in ecclesiastical relation to the deceased, but I may be pardoned for saying a few words, for we are all mourners here to-night.

"Our departed brother belonged not exclusively to this church, or Presbytery, or denomination, but to all, irrespective of sect or race. Few indeed are the families in this community who have not personal reasons for sorrow on this mournful occasion. It is but a few weeks since he came to the bedside of my aged father and

cheered his closing hours of life with songs of praise and the voice of prayer. Acknowledgments of a similar character would be made by many tongues, could they find utterance here this evening.

“But not of his amiable, affectionate ways in private life can I now speak, but I wish to bear testimony to his fidelity in the pulpit. There he was always true as steel to his God and to the interests of his fellow men. Truly might he say, could he rise this moment in that vacant pulpit, ‘I have not shunned to declare unto you all the counsel of God.’ There is not a man alive who can say that in his preaching he ever lowered the claims of the gospel, or failed to apply its teachings with unswerving fidelity to all human relations.

“No one ever left this house uncertain how the preacher stood upon the questions he discussed. In this solemn hour, this church and congregation have the proud consciousness that the Presbyterian pulpit of Hillsdale, in the last eight eventful years, never gave an uncertain sound upon the momentous issues which convulsed society.

“When in the dark hour of her peril, the country called upon her sons to speak out against secession and treason, from this pulpit came the rallying cry for God and liberty. When mem-

bers of his own church and congregation, animated by his patriotic voice, went forth under the stars and stripes to meet the foe, he followed them to the hospital and trenches with nourishment for body and soul. When the groans of the slave were heard this pulpit was a swift witness against the oppressor's mighty wrong. When the wail of despair came from the desolate home of the drunkard, the quick response from this pulpit was hope for the victim, and the wrath of heaven for the destroyer.

"And now that he has ended his labors, and we shall see his noble form no more in that sacred place, we can say in our heart of hearts,

"Servant of God well done."

In his case we have a fulfillment of that promise, 'Them that honor me will I honor.' For fifty years this family name has been in the records of the Presbyterian General Assembly of the United States. In 1819 Rev. Jas. Gallaher was a member of the general assembly, and F. R. Gallaher was a member in 1869. Had the life of our brother been spared, he would doubtless have been called to still more conspicuous pulpit labors. Said President Finney to me last year—"I am casting about for some one to recommend as my successor in the pulpit, for my preaching is nearly done; and I have had

Mr. Gallaher in mind as one whom the Lord is raising up to fill the place.'

"Now, I am sure the Oberlin congregation is not surpassed in intellectual and moral weight by any congregation on this continent. But it has pleased the Lord to take him away from us, and it becomes us to reverently bow to His holy will."

Prayer was again offered, when Mr. John Chandler, elder in the Presbyterian church at Coldwater, arose and said—"In the death of Dr. Gallaher, the sorrowing widow and orphan children, though their grief is poignant, are not the only stricken ones. Nor is the loss confined to the church of which he has long been the honored pastor, nor to the city of his residence which has lost a star, nor to the Presbytery of which he was the central figure—the Saul in mental and spiritual power among his brethren.

(“Death loves a shining mark.”)

But in his death neighboring churches have lost an ardent and able defender, and advocate of Christ's precious gospel. The churches of southern Michigan are mourners to-day. And we of the Presbyterian church of Coldwater have felt the blow, and have come to mingle our sorrows with yours.

"From the hour of our first acquaintance we have known him only to love him. His great

heart embraced us all, and he was ever a welcome guest in our city, and at our firesides. We offer you our sympathy and condolence, and pray God to sanctify to you and to us this great bereavement.

“Upon the lifeless breast of the sainted Dr. Payson were placed, legibly written, these memorable words—‘*Remember how he spake unto you when he was yet with you*’—fit admonition to every one who came to take their farewell look at his sacred dust. In the same language would we exhort you on this mournful occasion. Remember! christian, remember his gracious words to you—his words of hope and cheer in your despondency—his words of consolation in your bereavement—his words of promise drawn from the word of God, and be grateful while sorrowful, for the gift to you of such a minister. And you who have often listened to his earnest appeals in respect to your personal salvation, and have hitherto slighted the messages of mercy which fell from his lips—*Oh! do you remember.* Remember the outpouring of his soul in prayer to heaven for your conversion—his earnest entreaty in the pulpit, by the way, and from house to house, beseeching you in Christ’s stead to be reconciled to God. Those gracious words melting with tenderness you will never more hear him utter. But remembering them,

and heeding them even now, you may be saved. And thus this beloved servant of God shall become to you as one that, though dead, yet speaks. So doing, he, like Samson, by God's blessing shall slay more in his death than in his life."

Rev. J. A. Ranney, pastor of the church at Three Rivers, whose relations to the deceased in all the work of the Presbytery for the past eight years were very intimate, spoke as follows--

"Dear brethren and friends, it is a sad affliction that calls us together on this occasion. As I look on that pulpit draped in mourning, I think of the loss sustained by this church and community. But in the death of this loved and honored pastor I feel that I have lost a *brother*. We have been intimately associated as members of this presbytery for eight years. We have exchanged pulpits. I have been a guest at his house, and he has been a guest, very welcome, at mine. We have been companions in traveling to and from meetings of Synod. I have known him to be a brother of warm heart and strong sympathies. We found a general agreement in our views of christian truth, and the great moral questions that have agitated the church and nation. During the war each of us felt impelled by a like sym-

pathy for our soldiers, to give our services, for a season, to the Christian Commission. Our fellowship has been brotherly and without a jar. At our last meeting of the Presbytery, after a free expression of views, I assured him that he should have my vote and influence to elect him a commissioner to the general assembly at New York. He filled that commission, and after his return was able to preach only one sermon to his people.

“But another fact has made me feel a special *brotherly* regard for this lamented pastor. In my early ministry, his honored and now sainted father was a father to *me*. During my pioneer life, first in Grenada, Miss., where I had gone from Vermont to recover my health, then in Carlinville and Belleville, Ills., most of the people had listened to the eloquent appeals of the revivalist, Rev. James Gallaher. Many of them had come to Christ under his faithful preaching. I first met him and heard his voice in songs and sermons at a Presbyterian camp-meeting near Springfield, Illinois. I last heard him in an earnest speech, not long previous to his death, delivered before the General Assembly in Washington city. For that father, the father of our deceased brother Frederick R. Gallaher, I had a filial respect and love.

“Some years ago I was in Cincinnati, and

improved the opportunity to visit Lane Seminary. I went out to Walnut Hills for that purpose. It was during a vacation, and the seminary buildings were nearly vacant. But I found a young brother, a student in the seminary, who had the keys, and very kindly conducted me through the various rooms. In conversation with him I learned that his name was Gallaher, and that Rev. James Gallaher was his father. This discovery made me feel at once a nearness to him. It seemed as if we had been long acquainted. When our Synod met in Hillsdale eight years ago, I found that student on the ground beginning his useful labors as pastor of this church. From that day to the day of his death we have been brothers in this Presbytery. In the bereavement of his family, of this church, and the city of Hillsdale, I feel a personal affliction. We all know that he lived for Christ, and preached Christ. It was his most intense desire to see the youth and business men of Hillsdale living and believing in Christ. His heart of tenderness was felt at the bedside of sickness and death. As he stood by the dying bed of one of the Saviour's lambs a few months ago, he held her hand in his and sung and prayed, while the spirit went to be with Jesus. O, may you, the members of this church, and the men of business not christians,

and the dear youth, all heed the words of faithfulness which he spoke while living. May we, the ministers of this presbytery, take this warning to ourselves, and improve more diligently the brief time that we have to work for the Master."

After singing a portion of the hymn

"Nearer, my God, to Thee,"

Mr. Lyman P. Alden of Quincy, a classmate of Dr. Gallaher's in the seminary, led the congregation in a very solemn and tender prayer.

Rev. Mr. Barnes of Quincy—whom Mr. Gallaher had encouraged to enter the work of the ministry, and who felt himself deeply indebted to him for counsel, example, and that light which his beautiful life was ever giving out to those around him—then said, "I hardly thought to say a word, and yet I cannot but say a word. Brethren speak, some of losing a friend and brother, others of losing a friend and pastor. But I have lost more—I have lost a *father*. About two years since I came to this place a stranger. The object for which I came required me to form the acquaintance of the deceased. I called on him on a pleasant evening, and was received with that direct and simple kindness which was so characteristic of him. I made known my wants and went from his presence feeling that I had enlisted the sympathies of a

whole heart. At the same time I saw that those sympathies were under the control of the coolest judgment. He read me—read me for days, and as if finally convinced gave the word, ‘go on—receive every providence with favor—go work in the vineyard of the Lord.’ So given were these words, such the tone, such the whole bearing of the man, that I felt as I perhaps had never felt before—my course is onward, right onward; I must deviate neither to the right nor the left, nor must I long delay. And during these two years hardly a month, hardly a week I may say, has passed, but I have had occasion to receive his counsel, and with what profit to myself and increasing love for him I have no words to tell.

“He had a wealth of heart I have seldom seen. His soul was a complete sphere. It was not full on this side that it might be empty on that. No bigotry flattened, no low ambition shriveled it. It was girt with the zone of the tropics, and yet outrage and wrong came within its influence only to be congealed. It was in every way positive. Like a diamond seen from whatever side it sent back light.

“I have already intimated that his judgment was imperious over his sympathies. Perhaps it was his weakness that he held himself in with too rigorous a hand. He so detested cant that

it has more than once occurred to me when hearing him preach that he was at positive pains to keep his reasoning from taking fire, lest those who heard should be captivated with the glare, rather than penetrated with the heat. Like his general character, indeed, his preaching was direct, unaffected, truthful, earnest. It is hard to say whether it most interested old or young. Seeing him at no one time, in no one place, could you discern the secret of his power. In order to that, you must hear him from the desk, see him in the sabbath school, and prayer and conference room, and know him as a friend. His power lay not so much in turning forces from channels already formed—worn deep in the rock of habit—as in directing those forces at their fountain into channels which should need no change. The work he did was so unostentatiously done that the fittest measure of his worth is the vacancy we see and feel now that he is gone. Oh, my friends, he has gone! and that against which every heart leaned for support is gone also. Under this great bereavement let us bow and reverently acknowledge the chastening hand.

“And shall it be that from that desk we shall hear his voice no more? Aye, we need not thus repine, for from all the fields of memory his voice shall sound, as terrible as the wailing

of the blast, as subduing as the sobbings of the rain, and as gladsome as the summer brook dashing o'er its pebbly bed—from all the fields of memory his voice shall come, urging us to a higher life.

“More than once within the year now passed have I heard him say, ‘I am weary, I need rest.’ Rest now, O great soul, in the plenitude of eternal joy! The rest this world denied thee, a better world has vouchsafed. We would not hold thee back, for our loss is thy gain. Thou thyself art gone, but thy life is left a luminous argument. We may toil to imitate thy virtues, and of thee, in due submission, say—

‘And I am glad that he has lived thus long,
And glad that he has gone to his reward;
Nor can I deem kind nature did him wrong,
Slightly to disengage the vital cord.’”

In referring to the precious legacy left to this church in the life and labors of him who had gone to rest, I said—“It must be a thought of deep and solemn interest to this people that he who ministered to them has gone from their very midst to his reward. His activities here have terminated in those higher activities which bring neither pain nor weariness. God has joined houses with you, and your beloved pastor has only stepped from this house into our Father’s, where are the many mansions.

It is but a few months since he wrote me, on the death of our boy, 'Heaven will be nearer now than before.' These words, so true, I may now repeat to you his people—'Heaven will be nearer now than before.' Your Father's house is hard by. The doors have opened into this sanctuary, and with their opening your pastor went. We are looking thitherward through blinding tears. Not far away are all who have gone before us, and Jesus too is there. For them and all who believe it is written—'and they shall see His face.' Brethren, the end is near, very near. *Heaven* is near—never so near as at this moment. Realize it all in your toil and especially in this hour of your deep sorrow."

Mr. G. H. Botsford, a member of the Hillsdale church, and for several years superintendent of the sabbath school, hence very intimately associated with his departed pastor in those labors which had just terminated, said:

"As the members of the session will no doubt speak of the deceased in regard to themselves and the church, it may not be out of place for me to speak of one of the prominent points in his character, which might otherwise remain unnoticed. His brethren in the ministry may not have had opportunity for discovering the secret of his power over the young. Intimately

associated with him during more than half the time of his ministry among us, his character was carefully studied. He loved the children. He delighted in work for their welfare. The fact that so nearly all the additions to the church on profession of their faith were members of the sabbath school, shows that he was indeed the children's pastor. Yet he did very little work in the school, seldom saying anything, not once a year hearing a class. Always present indeed, when he could be, a listener, a watcher with a special object in view. The work of imparting a knowledge of God's word, of leading the children and youth to a familiarity with the teachings of the scriptures, he very properly left with the members of the church. At the same time he was well acquainted with the subjects taught from week to week. By frequent conversations with the superintendent, and by his presence in the school, he was familiar with the leading thoughts that were depended upon to interest and impress the pupils. Knowing as he did that a very large majority of sabbath school workers aim mainly to store the minds of their classes with a knowledge of God's word, to impart divine truth so that the mind shall seize upon and retain it, brother Gallaher made it his business to carry this knowledge and these truths to the conscience and the heart.

MEMORIAL SERMON.*

The sorrows of the past few days have taught me some things not so well understood before. The grief of David for his brother Jonathan never contained so much of tenderness and beauty as I find in it this morning. Those two men had been one in purpose, life, and sympathy. Their acquaintance, labors, and mutual dangers had begotten and cemented a friendship the most beautiful of anything this side the world of perfect loves. For a few years they had walked together, coming up to, and laying their hands upon the serious work of life. But suddenly Jonathan reached the end of his journey. He broke away from earthly toil, his feet were lifted up to the higher activities of the next life. David wondered and wept, and his heart broke forth in the language of passionate love for his brother. "The beauty of Israel is slain upon thy high places: how are the mighty fallen! * * * The bow of Jonathan turned not back. How are the mighty fallen in the

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midst of the battle! O Jonathan, thou wast slain in thine high places. I am distressed for thee, my brother Jonathan; very pleasant hast thou been unto me; *thy love to me was wonderful, passing the love of women.*" To-day this inspired picture of a great sorrow has in it lines of beauty and tenderness which I have only just learned to understand.

I am called this morning to speak of one whose life had come to be almost a part of my own. "Very pleasant hast thou been unto me, (my brother,) thy love to me was wonderful." For almost sixteen years we have walked together. But now he has gone before me, a little way, as he always did, and has left me to say a few words to this people of his love. It is therefore becoming that I should forget myself, and my own sorrow, if possible, in these memorial words concerning brother Gallaher.

I will not attempt to give you a minute history of his life, but will try to present him as he was before you in this field of toil, and in this pulpit. I have therefore chosen, as appropriate to the occasion, the words of scripture found in

LUKE XXIV: 6. "REMEMBER HOW HE SPAKE UNTO YOU."

These were grateful words to the mourning hearts at the sepulchre of Jesus, and just such as we might expect from the two shining ones.

The sorrowing women were drawn to the spot where the Lord had been entombed. But Jesus was not there. And the two messengers whom He had placed there to speak for Him, said to them "Why seek ye the living among the dead? He is not here, He is risen: *remember how He spake unto you*, while He was yet in Galilee."

And now I know that many times your weeping eyes and loving thoughts have turned toward that cemetery, since we laid your dear pastor there. I come to say to you, "He is not there—but is risen." Only the frail body in which he did his work has its habitation in the dust. The soul that animated the body is doubtless with Him who redeemed it. And while you may not see his form again in this pulpit, made sacred to you now by the memories of the past and the sorrows of the present; while you may not hear his voice again, comforting, helping you, you can "*Remember how he spake unto you while he was yet with you.*" Through the channels of memory, affection finds the way back to the past, and over it all. The ministry of such a pastor for eight years, has left material for remembrance. It has left a permanent betterment of the moral visage of your city. As you pass about these streets you will see, for many years, where his moulding hand has been. And the children coming after you will be the inher-

itors of the blessings given to you in such a ministry. "A good man leaveth an inheritance to his children's children." Certainly, then, no memorial words could be more befitting to-day, than these of the text—

"Remember how he spake unto you—"

1. HOW SCRIPTURALLY—with what scriptural utterances he came unto you. His pulpit themes were not plucked from among the stars in the heavens, nor dug from any earthly profundities—they were Bible themes, the sweet truths of the living oracles. Your pastor having found life for himself here in the word of God, sought to bring these saving truths to you. The words which he spake were impregnated with the authority which none but biblical preachers can ever wield. While he kept abreast with the advanced thought of the age, laying under contribution, and working up in his pulpit ministrations, the surrounding material with which God has so abundantly furnished the ministry, yet he so put everything through the biblical mould, that it came to you with the scriptural stamp upon it.

You heard from him not only Bible themes, but Bible arguments, illustrations and expositions. He brought to you from this treasury words of truth, and life, and power. You had *meat to eat*, not fancies to stare at—food and

nourishment, not dainties and starvation. His ministry wrought out for you, and gave utterance to those words, which were full of grace and truth, when first spoken by the Master Himself. Your pastor had the good fortune to have his mental habits in early life brought under the power of scripture education. His father, Rev. James Gallaher, had few if any equals, in that rare gift of making every subject he touched glow with light from the Bible. The son, having caught his father's enthusiasm over the wealth of thought and illustration, which this book affords, carried that enthusiasm into this pulpit, and out of his own experience of the life and power of the word enriched you with its messages of truth. You remember

2. HOW WISELY HE SPAKE TO YOU, adapting his ministry to the immediate wants of this people. He never amused himself by cultivating imaginary fields at a distance from home. One of the strong points of our dear brother was his large endowment of common sense. He saw the people before him, and he addressed himself to their immediate wants. He wisely chose such subjects as you needed. Adaptation to times and seasons, to states of the public mind, to the weak who needed strength, to the darkened who needed light, indeed to all the varied wants of his flock, showed a wisdom both rare

and valuable. Having chosen such subjects he thoroughly mastered them, put himself in possession of the strong points of thought and argument, so that his words from this place were words of wisdom. The ease and rapidity with which he grasped a subject that took hold upon his heart was remarkable. That which cost his classmates in the seminary earnest and protracted toil, he seemed to lay his hands upon at once, almost without an effort. And while in health, before God had "weakened his strength by the way," it was his custom to complete thoroughly his preparation for the pulpit in the early part of the week. Hence he came before you with no crudities, no half developed thoughts, no semi-religious platitudes, no goodish talk. He brought you sound thought, wisely chosen, thoroughly mastered, and clothed in a style becoming the place and the ends he sought. With such wisdom did he speak to you that even those whom he pressed to the wall, who went away wounded and bleeding, the arrows of truth deeply fastened in the soul, could but love the man who had smitten them down. And to-day they mourn because they can never again take the hand that so mightily hurled upon them the weapons of truth. Also,

3. HOW EARNESTLY your beloved pastor spoke while he was yet with you, you will long remember.

His very soul, *and life*, as the result has proved, went out to you in the earnest words which have been addressed to you during the years of his ministry. For he was a man of convictions. He entertained decided opinions on all subjects, and especially on those points which concerned the moral well being of his people. He knew what he believed; and he *believed* it, with all the strength of his clear faculties. Whoever else could live in uncertainty and indefiniteness respecting the great and ever present facts of life, he could not. His were God-given convictions. Hence there was no uncertainty about them—they inspired an earnestness corresponding to their depth.

An incident in his student life gave a new and lasting impulse to his convictions concerning his duty. Rev. Charles G. Finney was holding a series of meetings in the third Presbyterian church in the winter of 1853 and 54, in which he so wonderfully mingled law and gospel as to make sinners tremble, and christians feel about them again for the foundations. Many of the students from Lane Theological Seminary attended these meetings. At the close of a very searching sermon, several members of our class, including brother Gallaher, went into the inquiry meeting. Mr. Finney, in his conversations with one and another, coming to brother

Gallaher, said—"Who is this?" He was informed who it was. "A son of James Gallaher?" "Yes sir." Affectionately putting his arms around him he said—"My brother! what are you doing here? Don't you know that Jesus died for *you*? *He has saved you.* You have nothing to do but to *take His yoke and follow Him.* Leave the whole matter of your salvation to *Him*, and never trouble yourself about it again. Do you live for God, trusting all to Jesus." It was "the old, old story," but it came like a new evangel. Brother Gallaher grasped it, and went to work anew for the Master. It was almost like a new conversion. And in the struggle of life since, he has frequently told me that he was *leaving all to Jesus*—it was in good hands—he should not trouble himself about it—it was settled that Jesus had died for him and that was enough—he would work for Christ and trust Him to do the work of saving his soul.

Hence the earnestness with which he brought the messages of life to you. He had given himself into the hands of the Redeemer, and thus laid over on Him who has promised to take it, and Who alone is able to take it, the care of his own soul. And he could give all his energies to making known the proclamation of divine love. How earnestly he did it these saved ones can testify. He sought nothing short of

your salvation—"not yours but you." None who sat under his ministry, who remember to-day how he spake unto you, ever suspected him for seeking any of the small ambitions that sometimes crowd into the pulpit. Not to please you, not to gratify you simply, did that dear brother come before you year after year, with those earnest words of argument and entreaty. He sought to take hold of you with the grasp of God's precious truth, to lift you out of feeble conviction and doubt, and place you upon the solid ground of faith and experience. He earnestly sought to lift these business men up to the noble position of holding themselves and their means at Christ's disposal.

You remember, brethren, how earnestly he has often begged you to enter the enjoyments, the wealth of privilege which is to-day set before the christian men of means. None of these pleadings were made by halves. He emphasized them with all the earnestness of his sincere life. You will long remember also

4. HOW TENDERLY AND LOVINGLY he communicated to you all the words of this life. He desired to bless you, to impart to you the riches of the gospel because he loved these souls which God had committed to him. Sometimes he saw so clearly the danger to which they were exposed, and his convictions were so powerful that

his affections were deeply stirred. You may have mistaken for a moment the vehemence of his love for severity. But you who knew him best, knew that his devotion to your highest good was that which moved him to press the probe down to the tenderest spot in the wound. As a faithful and skillful surgeon he deemed the most searching and effective sermons the best. And though you sometimes cried out under the pain of the operation, yet the glow of health which soon followed always convinced you that you were in the hands of a man who consulted your interest rather than your pleasure. And now as you look back over the past you hear in every sound of his voice, and feel in every pressure of his hand the warmth of that heart that carried you day and night before God as a part of its earthly burden.

You remember how tenderly he spake to the aged, both in and out of the pulpit, how he entered into sympathy with those who were ready to quit their hold upon life here, how in the counsel and comfort which he gave them he was continually living beyond his years.

Also what loving admonitions he gave to the young, how their enthusiasm was his, their joy in every lawful good found a response in him, and how by this power he won them, held and controlled them, you will not forget. How

deeply and touchingly he could enter into the sorrows which God has given to these families, will be an ever present remembrance with you. For he knew affliction—he had passed under the rod. The loving father had touched him at the tenderest point, and in a most mysterious way. But the dark clouds were full of the moisture of divine love, and as they dropped it upon his soul we could see him enriched, enlarged, and made ready for all the varied work of a pastor. The afflictions which he endured made the grasp of his cordial hand warmer to you, deepened and widened the channel of his love for the suffering ones. Hence he could sit with you when the shadows were darkening in your home, and could bring you “apples of gold in pictures of silver,” when you were bewildered with grief—could bring to you the balm of Gilead when the death angel was plucking the choice flowers from this garden of the Lord. And when from the battle-field and the prison-house your mangled and dying ones were returned to you, your loving pastor shared your grief. You ever felt his strong arms about you, and heard from him honest, true, and loving words. You could endure more, make larger sacrifices because of the help he gave you. Whatever others said or failed to say, whatever they felt or failed to feel, there was one earnest soul bowed with you,

thinking of you, helping and comforting you. Your pastor's heart was with the heart of every father and mother, with every wife and sister who gave precious gifts to our country in the hour of her need. And it will be a lasting joy to some of you, that as God called you to those sacrifices, He gave you a pastor who could take part with you in your griefs and sufferings. Linked with this love and tenderness with which he lived and taught among you, you remember

5. HOW SIMPLY HE SPAKE, with what child-like nature he went about his work. There was no flourish of trumpets, no stage performances. He most thoroughly and righteously despised all the tricks of sensationalism, all the bombast of empty rhetoric, the ribbons and starch professional.

In the hour of his death he could have said with Paul—"I was with you in weakness and in fear, and in much trembling. And my speech and my preaching was not with enticing words of man's wisdom, but in demonstration of the spirit, and of power." No man was ever further from reliance on the popular effect of tinselry. Indeed I think he would have gone the journey of half a life-time to get away from the lumber of mere style and staging. He deemed that truth, simple truth well brought out, and clearly put, was to be the great instrumentality for

good—that its attractions lay beyond the verbiage with which it is sometimes crippled, and effectually hindered. He relied upon the sword of the spirit; and instead of swaggering before you with a large display of sash, and belt, and buckle, and scabbard, with an undrawn instrument dangling at his side, he came here with the naked blade, firmly grasped, keenly whetted in the closet and study, and powerfully wielded by the strong hand of logic and love. And there is probably not a member of his congregation who has not at some time felt the power of his steel.

Yes, he was simple as a child, in his nature, and in his manner of presenting truth. With this nature he saw through all shams and pretenses. And with a skill as delicate as it was genial and original, a flash of his quiet humor has often suddenly terminated the flight of certain social and ecclesiastical orators. His humor was electrical, and was of the kind that made people morally and physically better, that brought the foolish to their senses, and taught wise men to think and act more wisely. It had its place at the fireside, in the social meeting, and wherever minds mingled freely. As other gifts, it was subordinated to the honor of Him who bestowed it. The simplicity of Mr. Gallaher's social and professional life opened to him a wide door in the affections and confidence of the people. It en-

tirely relieved his public and private labors from the stiff and chilling formality which too often puts a pastor out of sympathy and out of contact with his people.

6. HOW FAITHFULLY HE SPAKE, you remember. He clearly saw the sins of the times, the formality and covetousness that are destroying the vitality of the churches. Intimately as you knew him, you perhaps never understood the solicitude which he felt for this church, and for the churches of our country, in view of the low standard of consecration which characterizes so many business men who wear the name of Christ. Not that he covered up from you anything which he thought you ought to know. You remember that on these points his pulpit never gave an uncertain sound. He believed in, he experienced, he taught the blessedness of giving. He spoke honest, plain words to you on this subject, and in his own religious life he practiced the principles which he taught. And I have occasion to know that his convictions, as to the truth and importance of what he taught you, deepened with every day of his life.

He deeply felt, and has solemnly and earnestly declared it to you, that there were resources of wealth among professors of religion, means for the powerful advancement of the cause of God, which ought not longer to be withheld from

Christ. He saw clearly the risks before us, nay, the certain disasters which must come upon the people of God, unless they speedily write the name of Jehovah upon all their wealth. He did not fail to warn his people of the worthlessness of a profession which does not control the wealth which God has given.

His own experience marked too clearly the broad and definite distinction between the form of godliness and the power thereof, for him to remain silent. Here again he could have said to you as Paul said to the elders of the church at Ephesus—"Ye know * * * how I kept back nothing that was profitable unto you, but have showed you and taught you publicly, and from house to house * * for I have not shunned to declare unto you all the counsel of God." Faithfully, and without favoritism, our dear brother dealt out to you, according to the measure of truth which God had given him. No man's position placed him above or below the range of his ministry. No sin was so strongly entrenched in popular favor as to escape the rebukes and exposures which it merited at his hands. It has been well said by Prof. Whipple* that on all the moral questions of the day every man knew that this pulpit would give a true and sound utterance.

*In the Memorial Meeting.

7. HOW FIRMLY he defended the truth as it is in Christ. He did not jump at conclusions, was not surprised into committals which must be abandoned. His positions were deliberately taken, after a careful examination of the premises, and when reached were honorably and firmly maintained. He was willing to learn, but, having ascertained what duty was, did not need to be taught again. His opinions of right and wrong were not unsettled by the sophistries of error, nor abandoned at the caprice of public opinion. *Firmly he stood where the word of God placed him.* "The bow of Jonathan turned not back." In every battle which he waged from this pulpit, and everywhere else, his face was toward the foe, steadfast to the end. Hence

8. HE SPAKE WITH POWER. It could not be otherwise. A ministry so scriptural, so wise, so earnest, so loving, so simple, so faithful and firm, was necessarily a ministry of power. His utterances carried conviction to many hearts. It would indeed be difficult to understand how candid men could sit for eight years under such a ministry, without being "made alive unto God." That soul is not to be envied, that is yet unblest by such a ministry, and that has yet to answer at the bar of God for having rejected all the entreaties, all the persuasive power of the tongue and life of our beloved Gallaher. For

some in this congregation, I know that his ministry, by the blessing of God, has kindled immortal hopes. He found you when he came, in the death of sin—having no hope and without God in the world. God taught him the way to your hearts with the words of life. And when out of your convictions you cried—“what shall I do?” he pointed you to Jesus—only Jesus—none but Jesus. From that tongue, now silent, you received the message which brought the dawn of a new and blessed life.

His ministry has strengthened in others noble purposes, which needed the inspiration that God enabled him to impart. Others of this flock have been helped to die by the power of that ministry, of which I have spoken in these memorial words. Your dear pastor has gone as far down into the dark valley, with those who were passing through, as it was possible for him to go, and yet remain on this side. With the tenderness of a brother, and with the strength of a brother's strong faith, he has stepped to the very river's brink, and passed your dying ones over into the arms that waited on the other side to receive. O, what a power in such a ministry! What a breadth! The things he spake were not confined to the pulpit, but overflowed, pouring out their purity and wealth into all the social channels of this church and congregation,

and in unnumbered ways ministering to private needs.

But our beloved brother has ended his labors. The visible activities of his ministry have ceased from among you, though its silent power will yet reach on through the years. For you will "remember how he spake unto you." These christian husbands and wives will remember, these souls also, who have heard but heeded not, will remember—now, and *in eternity they will remember*. These young christians, who have learned under his ministry to take the yoke of Christ will remember. These children of the sabbath school, the lambs of this flock, now shepherdless, cannot forget how he spake unto them. These workers in the Young Men's Christian Association, and in all the churches of the city, will remember. Yes, and the men who come not to the house of God, to whom, in their places of vice and iniquity, your pastor has brought the earnest messages of a Savior's love, these men also will remember how he spake unto them, how he prayed with and for them, how faithfully he warned them.

Beloved, let this sorrow, which to-day presses upon you, be sweetened by the assurance that death was only the beginning of life to your pastor. We that stay behind are dead, while he lives! The darkness of the grave was but

the dawn of endless day. His departure was his entrance through the gates into the city. The mystery of those trials, at which he used to wonder, has passed away. He understands now why the hand of the Lord rested heavily upon him at times here below. And if his utterances could break this morning beyond the arches and domes of the city of our God, we would hear that dear familiar voice saying, "UNTO HIM THAT LOVED US AND WASHED US FROM OUR SINS IN HIS OWN BLOOD, AND HATH MADE US KINGS AND PRIESTS UNTO GOD AND HIS FATHER, TO HIM BE GLORY AND DOMINION FOREVER AND EVER."

TWO SERMONS TO HIS PEOPLE,

Preached by Rev. F. R. Gallaher, D. D., during his
regular pastoral labors.

I. GLORYING IN THE CROSS OF CHRIST.

II. THE CAPTAIN OF OUR SALVATION.

I.

GLORYING IN THE CROSS OF CHRIST.

TEXT : GAL. VI. 14.

"But God forbid that I should glory save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ."

PAUL was a Jew ; and the Jews were a people of remarkably strong prejudices. Paul had been brought up and instructed as a Pharisee, the strictest among the Jewish sects. According to his own declarations, as well as the testimony of the Evangelist Luke, in early life he was strongly wedded to the religion and prejudices of his nation ; so strongly that he did not hesitate to engage in the persecution of the new sect which had arisen, and was beginning to encroach on his own.

The cross was known to the Jews only as an instrument of torture and death, both cruel and disgraceful. Death by crucifixion was a penalty unknown to Jewish law. It had been introduced among them by their heathen conquerors and rulers, the Romans. Among the Romans it was deemed a punishment too cruel and disgraceful to be inflicted upon a Roman citizen,—fit only for slaves and aliens. Thus the cross

was not only the instrument of cruel torture and death, but the symbol of degradation and disgrace.

From our knowledge of the Jewish character we may be sure that the cross was not less hateful to them on account of its having been introduced among them by their heathen conquerors. We can readily understand that of all abominations, in their esteem this was the most abominable.

The Jews as a nation had probably as much in their origin and history of which to glory as any other people that ever existed. Each one could trace the line of his history straight back to the great patriarch Abraham—the friend of God. Their whole history was full of the most wonderful special favors, and divine interpositions in their behalf, from Heaven. Numerous nations or tribes had been rebuked or overthrown on their account, or made subservient to them. Through a long series of ages they had worshipped in a tabernacle first, afterwards a temple, wherein dwelt the visible token of the Divine Presence. To them was committed the keeping of the word of God, the oracles of eternal truth. Of their nation, it was promised, should arise a Mighty Redeemer and Deliverer, in whom all the nations of the earth should be blessed. All these things, and others of like character, were

matters of pride to the Jews; nor was it strange that it should have been so. These facts were all familiar to the Jew, Paul. The time had been when he gloried in them. But now when past the meridian of life, after a varied and remarkable experience, he turns from all these and pointing to the despised and hated cross, exclaims—"There is the object in which I glory, in which I boast—God forbid that I should glory in aught else."

This surely is a strange spectacle. But there is still another fact to be considered which adds to the high coloring of this picture. Among all crosses doubtless the one most hated and despised among the Jews, was that cross upon which Jesus of Nazareth had died. Probably the Jews had never hated any other as they hated the teacher, who, rising from the lowly walks of life, boldly attacked their deep-rooted prejudices, and rebuked their sins, exposing the vanity and emptiness of their formalism, and laying bare their hypocritical pretenses. That cross was doubtless above all others hateful to the Jews. But here is a Jew, who tells us he is a Hebrew of the Hebrews, who yet turns aside from all those objects of national pride in which he once gloried, and selecting a cross, *this cross*, discarding every other reliance and trust, says—

"God forbid that I should glory save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ."

Paul was no fanatic, no wild mad dreamer. All his writings bear the impress of a mind remarkably clear and vigorous. This is no hasty conclusion. For a quarter of a century he had made that cross the center of his hopes and affections. For it he had endured revilings, persecutions, imprisonments, and stripes. It had brought him no worldly honors, but for it he had sacrificed all earthly prospects. Yet in this, and this alone, he glories. What is there here in which to glory? I answer, Paul gloried in the cross for the reason that

I. *It revealed the love of God for fallen sinful man.* That God should love our race is, I believe, exclusively a *Bible* truth. I do not think a trace of such an idea can be found in any heathen system. It is true that those systems taught that one or another of the divinities loved particular individuals, or even whole nations. But so far as I know there is no trace of that broad, all-embracing love, that takes in the whole race. This is a doctrine known only to those who have obtained it directly or indirectly from the Bible. Nor did the Bible make the revelation complete, until it was completed in Christ and the cross.

Nature reveals something of love. This

beautiful earth, the glorious sunlight by day, and the star-gemmed dome by night, the infinitely varied scenery and products of our earth, the ever varying seasons, the grateful, refreshing showers, the cool balmy breezes, the keen sense of life and bounding health, and buoyant strength; the mental faculties with the disposition to seek, capacity and opportunity for finding such exquisite delight in the acquisition of knowledge in its varied channels—*all these things* might be interpreted to mean love, tender regard on the part of our Creator. But why the freezing blasts of winter, the burning rays of summer? Why the lightning and thunder, and storm, and tornado? the volcano and the earthquake? Why the thousand forms of disease that wreck these bodies? Why do we grow old and die? Why is death and decay written upon all things about us? Why are the dearest, tenderest ties so often snapped asunder, and the heart left torn, and bleeding, and desolate? Why is it that across every pathway of knowledge, as we advance, arise barriers we cannot surmount, leaving the mind oppressed and weighed down with questionings, which however often and earnestly repeated, elicit no answer? These things baffle human wisdom, and leave the mind trembling in doubtful equipoise, whether there be any God who cares for

us, who loves us. Even with the light of Old Testament revelation this glorious truth that God loves our race was not fully received. The Jews believed that God loved them but not the Gentiles. All his love was exhausted upon them—all his care exhausted upon them. The other nations of the earth were outside of His covenant, shut out from His heart. The Jews were His peculiar people, and for them He felt affection, over them exercised guardianship; but all others He would leave to perish.

But when Christ came another volume of revelation was opened. New, and hitherto unknown depths of the divine character were brought to view. He came the light of the world. He came to be lifted up that He might draw all men unto Him. He came declaring that God so loved *the world*, that He gave His only begotten Son to die for that world's redemption. The form of His invitation was, "Come unto me *all* ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." "Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out." Here first appears clearly, in all its fullness, the all-embracing love of God. "Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that He loved us, and sent His son to be the propitiation for our sins." This indeed is love, long suffering love, redeeming love, divine love, unknown, unimag-

ined by human mind until revealed in Christ. And this love gathers all its glories round the cross of Christ, and from that cross diffuses its brightest rays. All this was represented to the mind of Paul by the cross, and that was one reason why he gloried in the cross. Paul gloried in the cross

II. BECAUSE OF ITS MORAL POWER. The exhibition of this power formed a part of his own experience. He had not forgotten the time when he himself, under the delusion of Jewish superstition and prejudice had hated the cross, and persecuted unto death some of those who built their hopes upon it. But a new and heavenly light from the cross had shined into his mind, showing him how benighted had been his understanding, how perverted his conscience, how hard and wicked his heart. And, when, sinking in despair on account of these revelations of his own corruption, he felt that he was trembling on the crumbling brink of eternal woe, then from that cross, even down to him, had flowed a stream of pardoning love, and cleansing blood, by which the load of sin had been removed, the foul stain of guilt all washed out, and his freed spirit made to taste that joy unspeakable and full of glory. This was to him the beginning of life, and not conferring with flesh and blood, the language of his heart was, "Lord what wilt *thou* have me to do?"

The faith he once destroyed it is now his delight to preach. He who once thirsted for the blood of the saints, now with tears of humble gratitude and overflowing heart styles himself "less than the least of all saints." All worldly hopes and ambitions are cast aside—and bearing about in his body the dying of his Lord, he forsakes home, and kindred, and country—travels far and near—poor, unknown, often alone, enduring hardships, encountering danger in its most appalling forms—*all*, that he might preach a crucified Redeemer to dying men. With all this there is no boasting, no self-laudation, but with touching humility and everflowing gratitude to Heaven's King he testifies—"By the grace of God I am what I am."

Further, Paul had seen exhibitions of the moral power of the cross in its effects upon others. In his labors as a herald of the cross he had been brought into contact with every phase of human character. He had preached the gospel not only to the Jews, but also to the heathen, to the rude semi-barbarous inhabitants of Macedonia, and to the highly-cultivated and polished Athenians. He had enjoyed opportunities of witnessing the operations of the truth and Spirit of God, upon men of every phase and shade of character, and occupying every condition in life. He had seen an educated Timo-

thy, and an eloquent Apollos yielding to this power, forsaking worldly hopes and ambitions, and consecrating life, strength, everything to the work of preaching Christ. He had seen the brutal jailor melted down by the same power, pale, trembling, subdued—in humble earnest tones enquiring “what must I do to be saved?” He had seen multitudes of his fellow men of different creeds and different nationalities, presenting every variety of mental and moral character known in that age, under the pressing power of gospel truth, swayed, melted, subdued, prostrate and in tears crying out for mercy. He had witnessed marvelous changes in character and life wrought by this truth—the proud and haughty made weak and humble—the violent and cruel made gentle and loving—the vile and impure made chaste and holy. Here were exhibitions of moral power that Paul well knew men to have found nowhere else. Well might he glory in that cross which before him stood as the symbol of all this power.

The same truths still remain. There is to-day a moral power in those truths clustering around the cross, which is not matched or paralleled by aught else known to man. The name of Jesus is *felt*, as no other name is felt by saint and sinner. Go to the wicked worldly man and attempt to urge upon him the claims of Moham-

medism or Mormonism, or some form of actual idolatry, and though he may hear you with a contemptuous smile, there is no danger of stirring his wrath. But talk to him of Jesus, of Calvary, of the cross, and how often his eye will kindle and his cheek flush with anger, and how extremely probable that you will receive some petulant cutting answer. Why is this? Ah, there is a power in that name which the sinner feels, hardened though he be. But there is no such power in the name of Mohammed, Swedenborg, or Joe Smith.

Consider the power of this name as felt by christians. How often may a scene like this be witnessed. In the house of God are assembled fifty or a hundred persons. Before them is a table on which is placed a little bread and a little wine. Beside that table stands one of their number. He is talking while the rest sit in deep silence. He is talking of an event that transpired more than eighteen hundred years ago. He is not telling them any thing new. They have all heard it related in almost the same words many, *many* times. The speaker has related it on many former occasions; and yet as he speaks his voice is low and tremulous, and every face in that assembly is bathed in tears. Be assured he speaks of Jesus. There is no other name that can thus stir the deep

emotions of the human heart. Some of you remember when a little less than two months since, we in this church met with the members of a sister church of our village to commemorate the death of our Lord. There were several hundred present, but little was said during the administration of the ordinance. Yet what mighty billows of deep emotions swept over that assembly. Yet nothing there was new to any one of us. It was all an old story, but it set before us Jesus and the cross. Here surely is that in which man may well glory. We challenge the world to show its parallel. Paul was right. He but spoke the words of wisdom and soberness when he gave utterance to our text—"God forbid that I should glory save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ." Paul gloried in the cross of Christ

III. AS THE SOURCE AND CENTER OF ALL HIS BRIGHTEST HOPES. All mankind in a great measure live upon hope. Take away all a man's hopes and his heart dies within him. No present joy or prosperity can buoy him up; the burdens of life soon become more than he can bear. There is no one living, either saint or sinner, whose spirit is sustained by what he now possesses. All are upborne amid the trials and ills of the present by hopes for the future. These hopes may pertain to this life here upon earth, or to

the life beyond the tomb. But hopes of some kind all must have, hopes which they cherish, and to which they cling, which are anchors to the soul. Not always, alas, sure and steadfast, for they do not always enter into that which is within the veil. Paul lived upon the hopes of a future life of eternal blessedness. These hopes never forsook him—they were prominent elements of his daily life and experience—were a part of his very existence. Was he called to endure sorrows, privations, afflictions, then these hopes found utterance in language like the following—“We *know* that all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to his purpose. For our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.” In view of the near approach of death he could say, “For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord the righteous Judge shall give me at that day: and not to me only, but unto all them also that love His appearing. O, death, where is thy sting!

O grave, where is thy victory? The sting of death is sin, and the strength of sin is the law. But thanks be to God which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ. Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? Shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword? Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors through Him that loved us. For I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord." Would you ask how Paul came in possession of such glorious hopes, such triumphant confidence? We have the fullest testimony running through all of his writings, and therefore too lengthy to transcribe here, that all this centres in the cross. Therefore he expresses his determination to know nothing save Jesus Christ, and Him crucified; and varying the sentiment slightly we find it in the words of our text—"God forbid that I should glory save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ." There have been since the days of Paul, and there are now multitudes of christians whose experience in all essential features, corresponds with that of Paul. Take one example. An old man, of mind naturally feeble, and but

little cultivated, who had been rescued from very low depths of degradation, thus testifies when near the end of his earthly pilgrimage, after many years spent in the service of the Lord—"From the time I first believed I have never had a dark hour. Since then my wife has died, my only daughter has died. Of my two sons, the youngest was taken with a lingering fever and died, and after that the eldest was suddenly killed, and they are all gone now, there is not one of them left, and I am alone. My property too has run down so low that I am very poor. All alone, old and poor, but it all makes no odds. Christ don't die—Christ is'nt poor. Christ never leaves me, He is always with me. I know Him, I have seen Him. And anybody who has ever seen Him once, will never want anything else if he can only have Him." Who would not glory in a cross which represents a power that can accomplish such results as these.

My hearers, the glory of the cross of Christ will shine with undiminished brightness throughout the endless ages of eternity. To the redeemed millions of that bright world, though they stand in full view of the throne of God, still the cross will be the symbol of all that they most prize. Go with the apostle John, as, in wrapt vision, he is permitted to look in upon the glories of that

world. Hark, 'tis a new song they sing—"Thou art worthy, for thou wast slain and hast redeemed us unto God by Thy blood, out of every kindred, and people, and tongue, and nation; and hast made us unto our God kings and priests. Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honor, and glory, and blessing."

Do you ask who are these? "These are they who came up out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb."

Blessed be the name of God for the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ! Eternal praise and glory to Him who then poured out his blood for our redemption. O that we may all be brought to a saving knowledge of those blessed truths of which the cross is the symbol! O that we may all be able from the heart to say with Paul—"God forbid that I should glory save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ." God grant it for His name's sake. Amen.

II.

THE CAPTAIN OF OUR SALVATION.

TEXT : HEB. II : 10.

For it became Him, for whom are all things, and by whom are all things, in bringing many sons unto glory, to make the Captain of their salvation perfect through suffering.

The longer I live the more deeply am I impressed with the conviction, that, as a rule, we utterly fail in rightly apprehending some of the most glorious and precious truths, which our Heavenly Father has seen fit to reveal to us. We come to the study of the word and ways of God, with so many erroneous conceptions, wrong opinions and prejudices, that it has to fight its way gradually into the mind. We reluctantly give up our errors, one after another, and slowly receive truth after truth; so reluctantly, so slowly indeed, that a large proportion of christians even, seem to live and die holding more that is false than that which is true—or at least rejecting vastly more truth than they accept. And were it not that God in His infinite mercy condescends to receive, bless and save us, while yet covered with imperfections, then indeed would our case be utterly hopeless. This reluctance to receive the plain simple truth, as God has

revealed it, appears oftentimes with reference to the most obvious teachings of the word of God. This has been a matter of observation with all those who in times of revival have endeavored to point enquiring souls in the way of life. Errors the most groundless, absurd, and ridiculous, often stand in the way, and the poor soul is unable to discover any means of escape from them. After coming to Christ and accepting Him as our Saviour, we continue to exhibit a similar reluctance to receive many of the most precious truths pertaining to Him. How slow most christians are to receive and apprehend Christ in the fullness of His office, and the perfection of His work. Indeed as a general thing, I believe there are years of varied experience and discipline before the subject of renewing grace is brought up to this point. Much more is it true then that we are slow to apprehend the deep things of God.

There are some profound mysteries connected with the christian religion. The great central fact of the christian system is itself a mystery, in the contemplation of which the human mind is overwhelmed. So profound and startling is it that the chief of the apostles is led to exclaim—"Great is the mystery of godliness: God was manifest in the flesh." There are things here which we are told the angels desired to

look into. Our text, I think, leads us in the direction of some of these profound truths of revelation. I shall endeavor to bring before you at this time some of my own conceptions of these truths. The undertaking is attended with some peculiar difficulties, and in it I shall utterly fail unless you give me close attention.

The apostle is here speaking of the great work of saving souls, and of God's agency in that work. This I suppose none will question, and I will therefore content myself with the simple statement, and pass on in the consideration of the text. We find here three leading topics for consideration. I shall take them up in the order in which they stand in the text.

I. "*It became Him for whom are all things, and by whom are all things.*" I imagine that none will question that this is God Himself. The particular thought to which I wish to call your attention is suggested by the words—"*It became Him.*" The Bible presents God to us as an absolute sovereign, but not as an arbitrary ruler. For Him are all things, and by Him are all things, yet He Himself in all His conduct has respect to certain rules. There is a rule of right which throws its claim over every moral being, and touches every moral act, in accordance with which God administers all things in the kingdom of His providence, and in the kingdom of His

grace. In other words, God will do nothing unworthy of Himself. Infinite obligations rest upon Jehovah with reference to the administration of the affairs of His vast empire. Not that He is responsible to any higher power or greater being than Himself; but these obligations have their foundation in the elements of His own character. And to disregard these would be to rob Himself of His own infinite worthiness, to tarnish His own perfections, to cease to be what He ever has been—"The Lord Jehovah, God over all, and blessed forever more." Therefore the expression of Paul is strictly proper—"It became Him in bringing many sons unto glory." The whole world is in revolt. All the sons of Adam have sinned and departed from God. "the wages of sin is death." Perpetual separation from God involves the utter extremity of creature woe. Now God would save our race. He does not desire, or delight in the death of any. "As I live, saith the Lord God, I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked; but that the wicked turn from his way and live; turn ye, turn ye from your evil ways, for why will ye die." Thus God gives expression to His feeling toward perishing sinners. And if the case involved nothing but feeling, it may be that God would have made provision for taking all to heaven without any costly atonement,

without attaching any such conditions as repentance, faith, and obedience.

But in this, as in every other governmental act, God owes something to Himself, to His own character, to His law, to justice, to the great rule of right. And therefore it became Him in devising a scheme for the redemption of fallen man, for his salvation from eternal death, to satisfy in full all the demands of divine justice, to see to it that all the great fundamental principles of His government were respected, that none of the established laws of His empire were violated.

Think not, O sinner, that because the Lord is good and merciful, and kind and loving, therefore you will surely be saved. For even in this work of salvation, it became Him to attach certain conditions, and not one of those conditions can be violated for your sake, or for the sake of any other member of the human family.

II. "*In bringing many sons unto glory.*" I wish to dwell a little while on this thought—*many* sons are to be brought to glory. The gospel scheme will not be a failure, though multitudes reject it. Though thus far in the history of the gospel dispensation, the great mass of human beings have failed to avail themselves of its provisions, yet God will give such increasing success to His truth, that even as compared

with the numbers lost, it may with propriety be said that God will bring many sons to glory. Do you ask whence they are to come? From every nation and kindred and people under the whole heaven—from north and south, from east and west—from every land and clime the redeemed of the Lord shall come, and sit down with Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob in the kingdom of heaven. And for the fulfillment of this we need not wait for that day when all shall know the Lord. Even now out of the ungodly families of christian lands, and from the darkest territories of heathenism, God is gathering into His kingdom the elect of His love. Go count the little graves with which the surface of our earth is billowed o'er, in all its length and breadth, and then remember the words of Him who said, "of such is the kingdom of heaven." "In my Father's house are many mansions," saith the Saviour. God designs to bring many sons to glory, and doubtless all these mansions will be full. In the apocalyptic vision John saw, in addition to the many thousands of Israel, an innumerable multitude which no man could number, standing about the throne, and singing the praises of redeeming love. "These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. Therefore are they before

the throne of God, and serve Him day and night in His temple; and He that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them. They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them nor any heat. For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters; and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

We come now to the consideration of the most difficult, and in some respects the most interesting topic of our text.

III. *"It became Him * * * in bringing many sons unto glory, to make the Captain of our salvation perfect through suffering."* The Captain of our salvation is Jesus Christ the Son of God, of whom it is declared that in the beginning He was with God, and He was God—that all things were made by Him, and without Him was not anything made that was made. He is declared to be "The Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace"—"the same yesterday, to-day, and forever," and yet our text speaks of His being made perfect through suffering. This brings us face to face with the great mystery of godliness—God manifest in the flesh. Let us approach the subject reverently, for in approaching it we tread upon holy ground.

My first remark under this head of my discourse pertains to one of those mistakes, or misapprehensions of which I spoke at the outset of my remarks. It seems to me we must regard this and a large number of kindred passages as meaningless, or we must discard as utterly false and erroneous certain widely prevalent conceptions of the Divine Being. From having conversed with different persons on the subject I am led to the conclusion that some such conceptions of God as the following are very prevalent—I remember when I entertained them. God is great and glorious and holy and pure and righteous and blessed—infinite in His every attribute—an almighty and impassive being—floating in a shoreless and unfathomable ocean of His own perfections, and by the whole breadth and depth of that ocean separated from His creatures: having not a single attribute that serves to bring Him near us, but on the other hand every one of them serving to widen the measureless gulf that yawns between—loving His creatures much as the sun diffuses light and heat among the plants, from a kind of necessity of His nature; but that love involving no tender ties, by which He might be brought into sympathetic relations with sinful, struggling, suffering humanity. Now such ideas of God are not scriptural. It is there declared that

“like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him. For He knoweth our frame, He remembereth we are dust.” The scriptures do not present our God to us as an utterly impassive being. They speak of His being pleased, delighted under some circumstances, and under other circumstances of His being grieved, pained. Take one or two examples of this. In pleading with His erring people of old God uses this language—“How shall I give thee up Ephraim, how shall I deliver thee Israel? How shall I make thee as Admah, how shall I set thee as Zeboim? Mine heart is turned within me—my repentings are kindled together.” In another place God declares He was grieved forty years in the wilderness with the stubborn unbelief of the Jews. There are many other passages and declarations of like import. I need not detain you with further quotations. The thought I wish to impress upon you is that God is not a passionless, emotionless being. He has feelings, and He does feel. He can understand our feelings and sympathize with us in them. Unless this view be correct it seems to me that God’s fatherly relation to us is little more than a mockery.

And further, since the highest, and purest, and holiest elements of human character are drawn out and developed by suffering, it follows that

unless this view be correct, in the direction of the highest elements of our nature, we cannot find God. Nor can I at all understand how, according to any other view, nearness to God can be blessedness to man. But if God be indeed thus capable of deep and thrilling emotions, if there be in the divine bosom a great and sympathizing heart, throbbing, palpitating with tenderness and love, then may we understand how through the discipline of struggles and suffering we may be brought nearer and nearer to Him, and made more and more like Him.

The captain of our salvation was made perfect through suffering. This seems a strange declaration, yet we find it repeated substantially in the 8th and 9th verses of the 5th chapter of this epistle. "Though He were a son, yet learned He obedience by the things which He suffered, and being made perfect, He became the author of eternal salvation unto all them that obey Him." Again our Saviour Himself, after His resurrection, in conversation with the two disciples on the way to Emmaus, indirectly declares the same thing. It seems then that in this work of saving sinners there is something so peculiar, something so unlike any other work in all the wide empire of Jehovah, that even the second person in the Trinity, though divine in His nature, and infinite in every attribute, was not

perfectly fitted for this work until by suffering He became fitted. This doubtless is one of the deep things of God, and I think it doubtful whether it is possible for us in our present state of existence fully to understand it. Yet I wish to present for your consideration one or two thoughts which may shed some light upon this subject.

The work of Christ is the work of saving men from the bitter and dreadful consequences of sin. In the introduction of sin into this world, and its perpetuation here a great wrong has been done; the order and harmony of the divine administration has been disturbed, just so far as sin has extended. Now it seems to be a law in the kingdom of God, that every good is attainable only at a cost, correspondent in value and character to the good attained. And the application of the same law demands that in the righting of any wrong there shall be an outlay, correspondent in character and extent to the wrong which is to be righted. Therefore when Christ undertook to right the great wrong of sin in this world, when He undertook to save men from the unimaginable sufferings to which they were exposed by reason of their sins, this undertaking, according to the principles of the government of God, necessarily involved suffering on His part, and suffering which

in its character and degree should in some measure at least, correspond with that from which He designed to deliver men. As the Saviour of sinners from guilt and death, Christ ought to have suffered these things. It is through the ministry and discipline of these sufferings that He becomes unto us a complete and perfect Saviour; but glory be to the name of our God, being thus made perfect he becomes the author of eternal salvation to all them that obey Him.

Again, Jesus Christ is our priest, as well as our atoning sacrifice. Having opened unto us a way of reconciliation through His blood, He now pleads for us, making continual intercession for us before His father's throne. But in order to do this effectually, how necessary that He should be fully able to sympathize with us in our sorrows and temptations, sorely tasting sorrow and enduring temptation Himself. Such is in substance the reasoning of Paul in the 4th chapter of Hebrews, closing with these remarkable words—"For we have not an high priest which cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities; but was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin. Let us therefore come boldly unto the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy and find grace to help in every time of need."

O ye, who in bitterness and sorrow walk in darkness, bowed to the earth under heavy burdens, go to Him who in the days of His flesh offered up prayers and supplications with strong crying and tears. He can look right down into your heart, can weigh every sorrow, every grief. There is not one drop of bitterness there which He cannot see, understand, and take away. The captain of our salvation has been made perfect through suffering.

A remark or two and I am done. In the light of this subject we may see God as indeed our Father. Not simply the great Creator, the Universal Ruler, separated from us by all that inconceivable distance which separates the Infinite from the finite, but very near to us also. While lifted infinitely above us by the perfections of His every attribute, separated from us as far as purity from impurity, holiness from sin; yet brought near unto us by His compassion, His pity, the earnest, yearning love of His great sympathizing and tender heart. He is not impassive and emotionless, but regards with feelings that are real, all our interests, all our struggles with enemies within and without, all our longings and aspirations after higher and better and nobler things.

When we bow before Him in prayer let us not feel that we are talking with one away off beyond the stars, but one who is near to us; and our softest whisperings, if coming from the heart, enter His ear and reach the heart.

I feel that it is especially important that young christians, those who are new beginners in the service of the Lord, should gain right apprehensions of this subject. And in order that you may do so let me exhort all such—be not content with any ordinary attainments in the christian life. Strive to get so near to God that you may feel the throbbing of His great heart. Accept a heavenly Father who really loves you, a Saviour, who, having suffered far more than you are called to suffer, can feel for you, can be touched with the feeling of your infirmity, even having been tempted in all points like as we have, and who, having passed through such temptations and sufferings, and by these having been made perfect, is able to succor you when tempted, is made unto you the author of eternal salvation, if you will but obey and follow Him. May the God of all mercy and grace so lead, so influence, and so teach each one of us, that at last, through riches of divine mercy we may appear before His face with exceeding great joy, and, with

that innumerable multitude which no man can number, unite in ascribing honor and glory and dominion and power and wisdom and salvation to Him that hath loved us and redeemed us by His own blood.

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